Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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CONQUISTADOR FOR SCIENCE

BY MUNA LEE

TROPICAL hurricanes are among the most terrible and most irrational of natural forces. They are not merely furious, but whimsical. Nowhere are they more awe-inspiring than in the Caribbean, where they whirl up roaring from the cobalt sea to tear across a defenseless green land prone in their path and leave it brown and bare and stricken. They change the history of nations and the fates of men. Sometimes one generation or several elapse between these gigantic storms. Sometimes they come in swiftly successive onslaughts. Frequently their effects are strange beyond man's imagining; so unlikely, so illogical, so unpredictable are they. A tropical hurricane which devastated St. Croix in 1772, by subtle indirection gave the not then existent United States her most brilliant statesman and her monetary system. More directly but no less amazingly, a tropical hurricane which more than a century later tore up and carried off the wealth of Porto Rico, lifted also a shameful stigma from the island's slow and pallid workers, and blew a half-inch worm into notoriety as one of the greatest criminals of modern times.

The hurricane of San Ciriaco, laying waste Porto Rico on St. Cyriack's Day, August 13, 1899, was the awful voice preceding Science's revelation of a cure for tropical anæmia, more deadly to human life than the worst of storms. Yet this one was, as

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storm, deadly enough in all conscience. There are still Porto Ricans who reckon time from "San Ciriaco", dropping from their calendar such lesser cataclysms as the Spanish-American and World wars; and "San Ciriaco" is among all classes the standard of measurement for storms, just as the Deluge is for floods.

When the hurricane struck the island, Porto Rico had not yet been a year under the American flag; and in the relief work which followed, a young United States Army officer discovered that the anæmic refugees from the devastated mountains were suffering from an intense anæmia that could not have been acquired in one day. That officer, Bailey K. Ashford, Lieutenant in the Medical Corps, new to the tropics and inexperienced in catastrophe, was at the time in command of the general hospital in Ponce, the island's large Caribbean port; a prosperous palm-fringed city sprawling about a central plaza and looking across a sunny harbor to the "Dead Man's Chest" of Stevensonian song. There was, however, no time for sea-gazing and literary reminiscence during those hideous days when Ponce was filled with refugees, the country people whom dire starvation was driving down the mountain slopes in pitiable inhuman herds. Something had to be done, and at once. Resourcefulness the young officer had, and experience came with action. Lieutenant Ashford wired the chief medical officer in Porto Rico, asking authority to set up a tent hospital and care for the refugees at the expense of the United States Government. Permission granted, he set to work to cure—and to investigate.

The history of the next three months is one of the most amazing stories in modern medicine, and its results have been so important, so far-reaching, that even now—more than a quarter of a century later—it is impossible to define their ever-widening limits. This history is detailed in *Uncinariasis in Porto Rico*, United States Senate Document 808, which shows how the discovery was made in America of the hookworm as an agricultural scourge and the cause of a deadly anæmia. The vindication of a race was implied in this discovery: Dr. Ashford proved once and for all that the "lazy Latin-American", far from being a shirker and a good-for-nothing, is a sick man carried by

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desperate resolution through a long day's labor—an ailing body driven (however slowly, with whatever painful inefficiency) by sheer force of will through tasks for which it is incapacitated by disease. This disease was uncinariasis; the cause, a worm, the hookworm, not before supposed to be a native of this hemisphere. And regarding this disease and this worm, a few words of explanation will not be amiss.

All history of uncinariasis previous to 1838 is more or less reasonable supposition. These reconstructed diagnoses on clinical and epidemiological grounds run all the way from plausible deduction to the wildest fancy of the enthusiast who sees in the Å A Å disease of Joachim's Egyptian worm hieroglyphic a proof that the pre-historic children of the Nile were in complete possession of knowledge that might have delivered succeeding generations from a scourge that was (in actual fact) to endure through millenniums. In 1838, Angelo Dubini of Milan found an unfamiliar intestinal worm at an autopsy and gave it a name—*Anchylostoma duodenale*—without vexing himself with questions as to what it was doing in the intestines. In 1853, Bilharz, and in 1854, Griesinger declared this worm to be the cause of Egyptian chlorosis, which is to say, the cause of one-fourth of the deaths in Egypt. In 1877, Grassi discovered the characteristic eggs in the fæces, and gave the medical profession an easy means of diagnosis. In 1898, Loos of Cairo proved that man was infested by the boring of the hookworm's larvæ into the bare skin, their entrance into the circulation and their final selection of the small intestine as a feeding-ground. In the development of an idea that bears fruit, it is difficult to say whether the discoverer or inventor, the pure scientist who patiently works out the problems militating against its acceptance, or the man who makes practical application of the idea thus scientifically developed, forges the most important link in the chain of services leading up to a great contribution to human welfare. In the case of uncinariasis, there is no evidence that Dubini ever meant to do more than describe another worm; although if he were living today, he would undoubtedly consider himself the Father of the Rockefeller Commission.

Yet the first generally recognized attack of Dubini's worm on

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man was the St. Gothard Tunnel epidemic of 1879–80. Colomiatti found 1500 uncinaria in the body of a tunnel worker dead of anæmia contracted at his work, but it was Perroncito who first made Europe attend the declaration that this worm was the cause of miner's anæmia, and it was Bozzolo who first proved that thymol expels uncinaria or hookworms from the body of man. Upon investigation, the miners of many European countries were found to be heavily infested. Meantime North America paid little attention to the "new" disease. Only the published reports from a half-dozen widely separated American doctors who since 1893 had evidently kept their eyes on foreign literature and had reported anchylostomiasis—or uncinariasis—among stray immigrants, testified to any American interest in or knowledge of the disease. In 1895, Allen J. Smith found ova of hookworm in a privy in Salvation, Texas. While he did not see the patient, the probability that the hookworm was not uncommon in the United States was self-evident. But nobody investigated or even commented upon this probability.

Then, in 1899, San Ciriaco tore shrieking over Porto Rico, and Lieutenant Ashford began his work among the victims of the storm. In an incredibly short time the cause of anæmia in Porto Rico—the "laziness" which for centuries had called down upon the Porto Rican laborers the contemptuous wrath of their employers and the scorn of foreign visitors to the island—was demonstrated to be due to some variation of Dubini's worm. The anæmia of Porto Rico, at that time affecting 800,000 of the then 950,000 population, was declared by Dr. Ashford to be due to this worm; and specimens were taken north for classification to Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, eminent zoölogist of the United States Public Health Service, by the excited young discoverer in person—he was twenty-seven years old at the time—for, having definitely connected the terrible disease of the island with the innocent-looking worm, he was content to leave to a professional parasitologist the minutia of defining its helminthologic status. Dr. Stiles, who was purely a scientist, studied the worm with keen interest, was convinced, corroborated his observations by specimens submitted by Claytor from Virginia and by Allen Smith from Texas, and in 1902 announced the

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worm to be a new species, which he first named *Uncinaria Americana* and later re-christened *Necator Americanus*.

Successive investigations were soon followed by his announcement that the Southern States of the Union were delivered over to a worm whose characteristic was innervation of its host. Here, said Dr. Stiles, quickly seconded by the Northern press, lay the explanation of the laziness of the "poor white trash" of the Southern proletariat. Resultant publicity attracted the attention of John D. Rockefeller, Christian philanthropist and capital business man, who offered a million, more or less, to rid the South of its hookworm. Hence, the famous Rockefeller Foundation, definitely established in 1909.

Meanwhile, the young medical officer in Porto Rico was again at his station in Ponce, and there—far from great newspapers, philanthropists, and an applauding world, but in the midst of a densely-populated, poverty-stricken tropical island where two of every three inhabitants were afflicted with uncinariasis—he continued a work whose chief reward was to be, then and now, the approval of his conscience, the recognition of his peers in tropical medicine (there are not so many of these, now that he has attained his eminence), and the gratitude of thousands of penniless *jibaros* whose lives he saved.

Dr. Ashford, with the aid of Dr. Walter W. King, made a study of one hundred moribund cases of uncinariasis in Porto Rico as a scientific record. Eleven per cent. of them died, but eighty-nine per cent. became again useful members of society. Publication of the results of his work, with its obvious implication, and an incisive editorial in *American Medicine* by Gould, induced action from the Porto Rican Legislature, which in 1904 passed a bill authorizing the expenditure of $5,000 for "the study and treatment of anæmia in Porto Rico". Dr. Ashford was put in charge of the work. Over 5,000 anæmics (at a cost of less than one dollar per case) were clinically cured. This ocular demonstration that the anæmia of Porto Rico was curable, and a careful published study of the disease uncinariasis in this hemisphere (for Lieutenant Ashford, gifted in spite of his youth with Scottish astuteness as well as Scottish persistence, had learned now to set down his findings immediately in black and white), shocked both

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the people of the United States and the people of Porto Rico into recognition of an incontrovertible fact. In Porto Rico, for seven years thereafter, the Insular Legislature voted larger and larger appropriations to out-general the little monster draining its life blood. By the time the Rockefeller Foundation began to function, Porto Rico had already presented to the world a record of 317,000 people successfully treated, and had accordingly completed the first successful campaign against the disease in the Western Hemisphere, and—more notable still—the first field attack in history on this devastating agricultural scourge.

In the last days of this campaign, Mr. Rockefeller sent his prospective director of the nascent Foundation, Dr. Wickliffe Rose, to Porto Rico to study the methods there in practice; and on Dr. Rose's return north, a similar campaign was instituted, at first in our Southern States and eventually all over the tropical and sub-tropical world.

The next few years of Dr. Ashford's service—none of them without importance, but, for that very reason, all together making demands too great upon limited magazine space—must be passed over rapidly. When the cyclone of 1908 destroyed Purvis, killing 1,500 persons, the State of Mississippi for the first time since the Civil War sought Federal aid. Dr. Ashford—a Major then—was sent with his company of Medical Department soldiers to set up a field hospital and direct relief work. "The excellent impression made by the official relief operations upon the residents of the district," says the Army report (the Southern press was less reserved in its heartfelt gratitude), "is due in great measure to the splendid work, the courteous conduct, and the fine tact of the officers of the Medical Department assigned to this duty, Major Bailey K. Ashford and Captain H. H. Bailey." In 1910, as United States delegate to Belgium, to the Second Congress of Industrial Hygiene and to the Congress of Alimentary Hygiene, Dr. Ashford took part in a debate on miner's anæmia, of which disease Germany claimed to have treated more cases than any other nation. "Miner's anæmia" is of course hookworm disease; and through the United States delegate, announcement was made for the first time in Europe that 250,000 persons had up to that time been treated in America, all in Porto

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Rico; thus securing for the United States first place in the consideration of measures to be adopted in combating the scourge.

In 1916, the Rockefeller Foundation in Brazil invited Dr. Ashford to open in that country a field dispensary, one which would demonstrate methods of treating, near their place of work, laborers sick of hookworm disease. Dr. Ashford's immediate practical response revealed both the scientist and the military man. Some portable frame houses with canvas walls were ordered by cable from Wisconsin, and a $25,000 equipment, comprising all that experience in Porto Rico had shown to be necessary, from New York, to be ready for shipment on the vessel on which Dr. Ashford was to sail with Dr. Richard Pearce and Dr. John Ferrell, each of whom had a mission distinct from the others. The work in Brazil was carried on for a period of three weeks in a remote treeless plateau of Minas Geraes, at Capella Nova, a friendly picturesque town chiefly noted as the home of American trypanosomiasis or sleeping sickness—though in the American variant sufferers do not sleep but go mad. Two days after the arrival of Dr. Ashford and his equipment in the uplands—and their simultaneous arrival, in carnival time, in Brazil, would merit each an exclamatory explanatory paragraph, had we not already stated that he is a physician, an army officer, and mostly Scottish—the plant was set up, ready for patients, out on a table-land shaggy with bearded Brazilian grass. Though there was uncinariasis in plenty throughout the State of Minas Geraes, the population was sparse: twenty to the square mile. Even in Porto Rico, one of the most densely populated countries in the world, with 300 to the square mile, it required at least a month to induce two hundred shy, ignorant and suspicious peons to take thymol in a community where it was being administered for the first time. But Brazilians proved to be either more desperate or more trusting. In three weeks the hospital treated over 1,400 patients who had come incredible distances to be cured. The President of Minas Geraes himself (every Brazilian State has a President) visited the clinic and was so impressed by the work being done that he had thirty similar clinics permanently established through the State.

In 1911, Georgetown University, from which Dr. Ashford had

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graduated in medicine in 1896, conferred the degree of Doctor in Science "upon her well-beloved son, Bailey Kelly Ashford . . . for by keenness of intellect and unflagging patience and labor he has lately devised an efficacious remedy for that most disastrous plague which has hitherto exacted a lamentable toll of life among certain peoples, notably in the West Indies. Wherefore in the judgment of all good and learned men, he is eminently deserving of a high place among the real benefactors of the human race; his knowledge and skill in medicine have, moreover, brought additional lustre to the name of his honored father; and finally he has served his country faithfully and well."

And upon the lofty note struck by these words, translated from the Latin of the diploma, we may well begin a brief account of Dr. Ashford's work in France; for during the World War, he was to make a contribution to military science scarcely less epochal than his work in tropical medicine.

No other officer of the American troops in France was more active in service than Dr. Ashford, often in the presence of the enemy; none discharged more magnificently a heavy burden of responsibility involving problems to be solved only by courage, prudence, and the insight and exact knowledge of a great scientist. Dr. Ashford was made the Division Surgeon of the First Division of the A. E. F., and crossed the Atlantic on the first convoy for France. He was, indeed, the second man of the A. E. F. to set foot on French soil. From Gondrecourt, where he was sent to train with the French Chasseurs, he made visits to the French front. Among the drastic reforms and additions to equipment recommended—and obtained—by him were comfortable beds with steel springs for our wounded at the front. His promotion to a colonelcy automatically eliminated him from the First Division after its first engagement, and General Pershing placed him in charge of the School for the Battle-Training of Medical Officers of the A. E. F. The "School" was only a name on paper. Tangibly and objectively there was no School. Part of Colonel Ashford's task was to create it.

He went to Langres and drew up his plans. These specified: (1) That he be permitted to select five associates of his acquaintance from among the medical officers of the army. He

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chose men like himself, able, energetic, and loyal; (2) That the half of a girls' school at Langres be evacuated to accommodate the classrooms, administrative offices, etc., of the Medical School; (3) That he might select as students bright men from among the eighty-odd medical officers of each Division on its arrival in France from the States; and (4) That he, with his student officers, be given authority to visit British, French, and American fronts in battle periods.

The object of this strenuous training was to put the medical officers for one week in the trench or on the fighting line in an advance; for a second week in the division field hospitals; for a third, in the evacuation hospitals; and for a fourth, in the base hospitals and special hospitals in the rear, including Paris.

Thus the course of training for our medical officers with the A. E. F.—a course originated and developed by Dr. Ashford, and carried out successfully under his direction—consisted of four weeks in the theatre of operations after a preliminary course at Langres of two weeks. Dr. Ashford carried through ten such courses, was at the front during every one of our major engagements, witnessed also those of the British and the French, and in so doing gave his successive sets of students, the incoming civilian medical officers, a unique opportunity to adapt their scientific knowledge to the actual conditions of war on a contemporary battlefield.

Another unique feature of Dr. Ashford's method as Commander of the Langres Sanitary School for the Training of Army Officers was the establishment of his "printing squadron". He specified that twenty men of the medical department should, upon his return after each visit to the front, mimeograph his notes on lectures, talks and battles. These mimeographed notes were distributed as special bulletins throughout the A. E. F., in order to unify our medical service. Comprising altogether some two thousand pages, they give a history of medical, surgical, and sanitary practice on the battle-field absolutely unparalleled in method and in scope.

"As director of the Army Sanitary School," says the laconic but inspiring official citation for the Distinguished Service Medal awarded to Dr. Ashford in 1922, "by his individual energy, abil-

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ity, and vision, he placed at the disposal of the A. E. F. the experience and training facilities of the medical services of the French armies and of the British Expeditionary forces in France. He organized a system for the training of officers of the medical service of the Army of the United States in their duties at the front which contributed to a remarkable degree to the success attained in the treatment and evacuation of battle casualties." For meritorious service with the British at their front during the War, King George conferred on Dr. Ashford the Cross of St. Michael and St. George of England, making him a Companion of the Order.

The end of the war in Europe meant for Dr. Ashford the resumption of hostilities against those microscopic enemies of mankind with which no peace can ever be made. Within a few weeks, he was back in his laboratory.

In 1919, Cuba and the United States together selected two sanitary officers to study and report upon a mysterious flare-up of malaria in the city of Havana. North Americans in Havana feared that mosquito control was weakening: Cubans were apprehensive lest they be misjudged in view of the provisions of the Platt Amendment stipulating an adequate system of mosquito prevention. Dr. Ashford, chosen by the Government of the United States, with Dr. Guiteras, designated by the Cuban Government, found out—and what is in general more difficult, convinced their respective Governments—that the malaria in Havana was by no means the menace at first supposed. The existent cases were being supplied by the removal of laborers from malarial centers in other provinces to Havana hospitals, where they were bitten in early evening by the *anopheles* mosquito, which is fond of flying around in the cool of the day. These mosquitoes were bred chiefly in ditches and holes caused by the abnormal rapidity with which Havana was spreading out and building up. The joint investigation practised by the two physicians resulted not only in the speedy reduction of malaria but in its practical disappearance from Havana.

Dr. Ashford through all these years had been cherishing a great dream of a school of medicine in the American tropics under the Stars and Stripes. In 1906, seeing that the treatment

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and prevention of hookworm disease in Porto Rico had become automatically a public health service, and as such should be continued under the Department of Health, Dr. Ashford and his associates had recommended the reorganization of that Department under a Commissioner, and the establishment of an Institute of Tropical Medicine to be manned by the members of the old Porto Rico Anæmia Commission. Underlying the plan was the hope of the establishment, whenever money and the powerful patronage of a recognized northern university could be obtained, of a School of Tropical Medicine in Porto Rico.

The Institute was founded according to plan, and it took up its being in the basement of the Red Palace, historic residence of Spain's Lieutenant-Governors. Within a month the Institute was definitely and demonstrably a success: so great a success that it soon developed into all that had been hoped for; and "the great northern university" was not slow in appearing. To cut forward after the fashion of a cinematograph, we may say that the School of Tropical Medicine of the University of Porto Rico, under the auspices of Columbia University, was formally opened in San Juan in the fall of 1925. The beautiful Spanish Renaissance structure which now houses it shelters the only school of tropical medicine in the tropics under our flag; and its amazingly productive work has already won recognition in the four corners of the world. An international scientific center, it is not surprising that its first graduates were a young Jesuit from Spain, training himself for work as head of a Leper's Institute, and a Hindu who is now giving his own people the benefit of his Porto Rican study. Dr. Ashford's has of course been a guiding voice in the School of Tropical Medicine from its beginning, and before. In 1926 he was appointed Professor of Tropical Medicine and Mycology in Columbia University, detailed to post-graduate instruction in the School of Tropical Medicine in San Juan.

Meantime, in his private investigations, Dr. Ashford had rounded another corner and turned up a tangled trail, a very perplexing trail for tropical medicine. That it leads by devious and jungly degrees up a high mountain no student of the science could doubt; but, until Dr. Ashford turned his attention that way, for more than one hundred and fifty years no one had even got a

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toe-hold on the slope. The problem was tropical sprue. Just as uncinariasis is the poor man's disease in the tropics, sprue is the infirmity of the well-to-do; an urban disease, endemic in cities and towns of tropical and warm-climate countries throughout the world, with a range in Asia, for example, from Ceylon, India, and Cochin China to Korea. Sprue is prevalent in our own Southern States, though it is not usually recognized as such.

Sprue is a corrosive thinning of the entire digestive tube, from a raw tongue down, with almost intolerable gaseous distension, an exhausting white diarrhœa, emaciation, anæmia, and, unless cured, death by inanition. When Dr. Ashford began his investigations, the cause of sprue had not been discovered: but it was not long to remain obscure. He had found in 1914 that a little yeast-like body, which he named *Monilia psilosis*, was constantly associated with this condition; and after more than a decade's careful study of its points of difference from other yeast-like bodies, after experiments with animals and blood reactions, he has come to the conclusion that, just as thrush of infants is produced by a similar yeast on a background of physiological exhaustion, sprue is produced by *Monilia psilosis* on a background of physiological exhaustion of digestion, a very usual condition in the tropics. In other words, Dr. Ashford believes that the true problem of sprue, and of thrush, is the condition of malnutrition which permits the little organisms to colonize and produce the familiar pictures we call thrush or sprue.

No lay commentator can say as yet whether Dr. Ashford is entirely right; but we do know that he has been eminently successful in treatments according to his theory ("The characteristic of a true theory," said Pasteur, "is its fruitfulness!"). We know too that a man, vigorous and still young, with a typically Celtic mixture of large-mindedness and large-heartedness, considerably enlivened by a power of wrath no less Celtic, is unlikely to rest content with past laurels. The next quarter-century promises, for many reasons, to be the greatest yet known to tropical medicine. It may confidently be predicted that not least among the causes contributing to that greatness will be the present and future work of Dr. Bailey K. Ashford.

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WHAT IS WAR GUILT?

BY SIR THOMAS BARCLAY

I

It is not without significance that in Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty the responsibility for the war is not based on the declarations of war as set out in the preamble, but on "aggression of Germany and her allies". In other words, it is not the war or the declarations of war alone that constitute the guilt of the enemy, but their aggressive character. Since the signature of the Treaty, Germany's culpability as the aggressor has never ceased to excite controversy among international jurists, and now the question has become more acute than ever in connection with the discussion on the proposal to outlaw war altogether.

The controversy as to the nature of an aggression, however, is no new one. The object of this article is to exhume some diplomatic attempts in the past to define the term, and to show how far we are still from a clear understanding of its bearing. In any case, it will be seen that the exception from outlawry, of resistance to an aggression, involves an element of uncertainty which might defeat the object of the principle it is sought to establish. Furthermore, we must bear in mind that no war in recent times has been entered upon by any State without alleging that acts of the enemy had provoked it. If both parties charge each other with being the aggressor, who is to decide whether the one who declares war or the one alleged to have provoked the declaration is in fault? We have no difficulty in agreeing that a nation cannot abandon the right of self defense against invasion, or the duty of being on its guard against the consequences of some grievance, real or artificial, of a restless neighbor.

The term "defensive" merely describes the military character of the hostilities and may be treated as leaving the question of responsibility untouched.

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II

As far back as the middle of the Eighteenth Century, Montesquieu held that the real author of a war was not the sovereign who declared it, but the one who made it necessary.

We all know the ordinary sense of "aggression". The definition of the word in diplomatic usage is, "the first act leading to hostilities".

Littré, in his great dictionary, qualified this definition to make it tally with contentions of French statesmen of then still recent character. "It is possible," he says, "that he who attacks is not necessarily the aggressor; the aggression may consist of something quite different from the attack." If the attack is provoked, it is not an aggression.

The word has now become more familiar through the use of it in the Covenant creating the League of Nations. Under it, according to the much debated Article X, the Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against "external aggression" the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League. In case of any such aggression, or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression, it further provides that the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

In the abortive Geneva Protocol of 1924, there were a number of more or less subtle provisions, concerning what constitutes an aggression, entailing intervention of the Council and the application of the sanctions provided by the Covenant. Disobedience to an order of the Council, said the Protocol, would constitute the disobedient State an aggressor and entail the application of these sanctions.

There was no question in the Protocol of an unprovoked aggression, because it was assumed that all States would be subject, in case of any difference between them, to the orders of the Council, and in fact it implied the possibility of both parties in such a case being aggressors, in which emergency all the rigors of the Covenant would have been brought to bear against both of them. This looks like a *reductio ad absurdum*, and in fact it shows the danger of reasoning beyond the actual data of experience.

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III

The Final Protocol of the Locarno Conference makes an attempt to reconcile the obligation accepted by the parties thereto as guarantors, to maintain the *status quo* on the Franco-Belgian frontier as settled by the Treaty of Versailles, with the wider obligation to coöperate with all the Members of the League of Nations to insure respect for its decisions.

It is easily conceivable that the guarantors might find themselves faced with conflicting obligations—the obligation to coöperate in enforcing a decision of the Council of the League of Nations against one of the parties, while the guarantors regarded their obligation to be purely and simply the maintenance of the territorial *status quo*. In their agreement it is stipulated between the parties (Germany and Belgium,—Germany and France) that "they will in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other"; but it adds that this stipulation shall not, however, apply *inter alia* in the case of "an unprovoked act of aggression".

The use of the term "unprovoked act of aggression" does not make the definition of the term less problematic.

IV

Littré makes no distinction between an aggression and an unprovoked aggression. We must therefore look for precedents to see how, in the past, diplomacy has defined the sense of the term.

There are two cases in which France has officially pledged herself to a definition, the one in connection with the Franco-Russian military convention, the other affecting her relations with Italy, both of which only came to light in 1918.

In 1892 the French Government sent to St. Petersburg, as negotiator of the military convention which prior to the World War regulated the relations of France and Russia, General de Boisdeffre. As Chief of the General Staff, he was a specialist particularly well qualified to deal with all the questions involved in the proposed convention. In his report concerning the negotiations occurs the record of a conversation of the General with the

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then Emperor, in which the question of what constituted a *casus fœderis* in a treaty of defensive alliance was discussed.

Articles 1 and 2 of the Convention were as follows:

1. If France is attacked by Germany, or by Italy supported by Germany, Russia will employ all her disposable forces to attack Germany. If Russia is attacked by Germany, or by Austria supported by Germany, France will employ all her disposable forces to fight Germany.

2. *In case the forces of the Triple Alliance or one of the Powers belonging to it should mobilize*, France and Russia at the first announcement of such event, and without need of previous concerting, will mobilize immediately and simultaneously the whole of their forces, and will assemble them as near as possible to their frontiers.

The Emperor wished the General to explain the effect of Article 2. The General reported that in his reply he told His Majesty that mobilization was equivalent to a declaration of war; that mobilization necessitated mobilization by the neighboring Power; mobilization entailed the carrying out of strategical transports and concentration of troops; and that to allow a million men to be mobilized on the frontier, without simultaneously doing the same, was tantamount to placing oneself in the position of a man who has his revolver in his pocket, while the other has his levelled at his head.

"So I understand it," replied the Czar.

It is seen that under the convention, the French and Russian Governments regarded mobilization without a declaration of war as an act of aggression. A declaration of war in such a case was to be regarded as a consequence of mobilization, the latter being the first act which leads to war. This, as we have seen, is in accordance with the ordinary sense of the term.

The other record is of negotiations which took place in 1902, between the French and Italian Governments, with a view to securing their respective neutrality in case of war between the one or the other and a third Power, or Powers. These negotiations were set out in a letter addressed by M. Barrère, the French Ambassador at Rome, to the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé. In the course of this long letter M. Barrère writes:

My object, when these conversations will take place,—that is in a week,—is to ask M. Prinetti for a joint protocol, which will define the reciprocal specific

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relations and position of the two countries. This protocol would involve the undertaking not to attack one another, not to join in any aggression on the part of one or more Powers against either of the contracting parties; *not to regard as aggression on the part of either contracting party, the obligation to declare war as the consequence of a manifest provocation.* If we can arrive at this result we shall have obtained all that we can hope for and desire.

M. Delcassé confirmed this in his acknowledgment of the letter, reiterating that the chief point of the scheme was that it obliged either one of the two Powers to maintain a strict neutrality in the case of the other taking the initiative of a declaration of war to which she would have been provoked. To M. Prinetti, M. Barrère therefore replied, that he was authorized on behalf of the French Government to state that it understood the arrangement with Italy as follows:

In case Italy should be the subject of a direct or indirect aggression on the part of one or more Powers, France would maintain a strict neutrality. It would be the same in case Italy in consequence of a direct provocation should find herself in the necessity of taking the initiative of a declaration of war for the defense of her honor or her security. In this event the Royal Government would previously communicate its intention to the Government of the Republic, which would then be in a position to ascertain that a direct provocation was involved.

In a later letter M. Barrère replied that M. Prinetti had handed him the draft of a letter destined to give an authoritative interpretation of the adjective "direct" added by him to the word provocation, in the projected declaration "intended to give precision to the general relations of France and Italy".

The Minister explained that he considered as having the character of a *direct provocation*, any provocation resulting from the direct relations of the foreign Powers with the contracting Governments, and he gave as an instance the following example: The publication of the telegrams by Prince Bismarck in 1870 and the refusal of King William to receive M. Benedetti. On the other hand he cited as an *indirect provocation* which would not fall within the scope of the declaration by Italy, the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain, and any indirect initiative taken in Eastern Affairs not aimed at one of the con-

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tracting parties, although this initiative might give displeasure and seem to them contrary to their direct interest.

I have given this in some detail to show to what subtleties of interpretation the term "aggression" lends itself when even the noninterference of the King of Prussia with the acceptance by a Hohenzollern relative of an invitation by an independent State to become its Sovereign could be regarded as an "indirect aggression", and the refusal to treat with an Ambassador informally, as a *casus belli*. A satirist could multiply instances to such an extent that every diplomatic incident could be manipulated to serve as having an aggressive character, and show how the lives of thousands, even millions, of human beings may hang on diplomatic jugglery, worthy of casuists of the Middle Ages. The critic who looks on asks himself what other such causes may not lie hidden in the archives of Foreign Offices.

In 1912, M. Barrère, in reply to an inquiry from M. Poincaré, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, wrote that, the Triple Alliance being purely defensive, France in 1902 had sought to define the position of Italy in case France, openly provoked, declared war. Would Italy consider this declaration an act of self defense on the part of France? After ten years of existence, what was the position of the Franco-Italian understanding? The reply was that it had its full force and effect.

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It is seen from the above precedent that the French and Italian interpretation of the term "provocation" includes acts involving the defense of national honor or security, and that a declaration of war in their defense would not be an act of aggression. It would follow from this that the provocation might be of a very vague character.

The Locarno guarantors would no doubt claim the right, as did M. Delcassé in 1902, to ascertain (*constater*) whether a direct provocation was involved.

The sense of the term "national honor" is so vague that governments have generally had recourse to it where no specific act of aggression could be alleged.

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On another point, however, the view of the French Government may be taken as unequivocal: Mobilization of the forces of any country is undoubtedly an act of provocation to its neighbors.

It can be seen from the above how difficult it is to avoid a possible misunderstanding at a critical moment when a decision has to be taken. Any distinction between aggression provoked or unprovoked, or between a war of defense or of aggression, is far too subtle to be workable in emergencies, where promptitude is essential.

The "outlawry of war" can only be regarded as a first step toward the banning of war from civilization, if unqualified by reservations. The history of piracy shows how universal moral condemnations had to precede its universal outlawry. Why should any exception be made in a declaration of outlawry? None was ever made for piracy or any other form of crime, if we are agreed to regard war as crime. Besides, the introduction of any exception into a declaration of outlawry of war is an unnecessary complication, for no declaration, however emphatic, can deprive a nation of its right of self defense, or a group or league or confederation of nations from that of maintaining if need be, in common an armed police or *gendarmerie*, for the preservation of law and order among them.

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DON TOM OF ALABAM'

BY RAY T. TUCKER

THE boy's pasty, pudgy face turned livid. He let fall the armful of wood which he had been collecting for the supper fire, holding tight to a slender stick five feet long. It shone in the sunlight of the clearing with the purple gleam of an Excalibur, while he waddled toward the kitchen door as swiftly as his thin legs would move his tumbler-shaped body. The sight of his sister sprawled on the floor, with old Aunt Rose standing over her in a threatening posture, left no doubt of the cause of the cries that had startled him.

In less time than it now takes him to tell it, he struck the Negro cook over the head with his five-foot weapon. She danced a beeline across the floor and fell. Frightened at the old mammy's deathly stillness, the brave boy walked over to the shapeless black heap, shook it and explained that he "hadn't meant to kill her."

Thus did Senator Heflin of Alabama first exhibit the chivalric impulses that now inspire him to deeds of high emprize in the United States Senate Chamber. In the light of this childhood display of gallantry and self-discipline, it is not so difficult to understand the man. In fact, a sympathetic insight into the influences which shaped his early days seems to reveal that Providence ordained there should be at least one James Thomas Heflin, if only as a milestone to measure the progress which public men and manners have made during his lifetime. Motionless has he sat astride his charger and smithered lance after lance upon life itself as it coursed by. As the Don Quixote of American politics and the sole survivor of a long line of picturesque and Elizabethan figures who once lent zest and color to the most drab capital in the world, Don Tom is a subject of historical as well as topical interest. He represents an era which, though it might well be forgotten, the romanticist as well as the realist is loath to forget. He spans and speaks for several generations of the Old South.

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Don Tom was born into a family of eight sons and one daughter, in an isolated Alabama hamlet of fifty people. It stood in the midst of a country of canebrakes, cotton plantations, swamps and agricultural land. Life and the means of enriching it seem to have been fairly primitive. Planters, preachers and politicians of the post-Civil War era were his father's cronies, often spending the night at the eleven-room, one-story Heflin home. The Senator recalls that he frequently sat far into the morning before the fireplace while his elders discussed the politics and problems of those bitter Reconstruction days, and from them he undoubtedly derived many lasting prejudices.

Republican Reconstructionists, the great financial interests, the alien influences of the Yankee North, both political and religious—these were the forces held blameworthy for the South's wretched condition. Carpet baggers, capitalists and Republicans-for-revenue-only were denounced in language as vehement as it was picturesque, and these were the ogres which tumbled through the boy's dreams. The elders mourned—and their listener does to this day—the passing of the golden age of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy, when the South's star of empire lighted the land from the coast to the Mississippi River.

Such beacons as remained to brighten the days of the dying generation were the Methodist church, the Masonic hall and the Democratic party. The "greatest speech" Heflin ever heard was delivered by the late Senator John T. Morgan at a Masonic rally in an oak grove overhanging the Methodist church. The boy's world was as circumscribed as his father's. Diversion he obtained by clandestine attendance at Negro revivals, which developed in him an extraordinary art of mimicry and story-telling. His imitative instinct was given more orderly direction at the Friday afternoon declamation hour at school, and it may have been prophetic, in view of his matured style of oratory, that his favorite selection was "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

It was from these barbecues, these speaking contests and these harangues on the hearth that he became imbued with the feeling that he "would rather be a United States Senator than hold any other office". Now that boyish hopes have come true, those inspiring scenes of fifty years ago still dominate his horizon. His

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unique garb of striped trousers, one-button frock coat, stiff-bosomed shirt, cream-colored, double-breasted waistcoat and flat black bow tie, is that of the old-fashioned Southern statesman, he explains—"though the one-button idea is my own invention"—and therefore he wears it. If his politics still smack of the fireplace, the barbecue and the camp meeting, it is largely because the child was father of the Senator.

When he arrived in Washington to enter the House in 1904, he moved in a congenial atmosphere. Though he is now the only "character" in Congress, blooming and booming all alone, both House and Senate then had their shares of riotous and attractive figures. There were Ollie James, who was to become Heflin's roistering companion by night and by day, and such human, historic celebrities as the "two Uncle Joes"—Fordney and Cannon. Their escapades and adventures in and out of Congress are legend; they were lusty makers of ballads and history, men who mingled liquor, horse races, drollery and racy moments at the table with more serious duties. Those who grieve at Heflin's present sourness on life can hardly believe that he is the only relic remaining from that generous, tolerant age of fun and fermentation.

The cafés and oyster houses which lined Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the White House had not yet given ground to the prim offices of white-ribboned reformers. At the basement bar in the Senate a statesman or near-statesman could still obtain Olympian inspiration before mounting the dizzily winding stairs to deliver a Ciceronian or Bacchanalian oration. Among this group in the House, Heflin soon became the good fellow and jester. His Negro dialect stories and rollicking spirit commended him to the graybeards, whose tales were growing stale.

No closing session was complete without an hour's foolery and clowning, in which the Member from Alabama played a leading part. His habit of hyperbole and rodomontade, though developed in him to a pathological degree, was not unique, and it nettled nobody, for it was overcast with Brobdignagian humor. In assailing the Republican tariff, for example, he was not content to charge that it increased the cost of living; his intensely partisan spirit did not stop this side of the grave.

"Not satisfied with taxing the swaddling clothes of the infant,"

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he would thunder, "you Republicans levy a duty upon the winding sheet of the corpse. Not even when we are dead can we escape, for you raise the cost of the coffin our cold bones lie in and the tombstone that stands guard over our dust."

Nor was his anti-Negro attitude, with his demand for "Jim Crow" cars in the District of Columbia, more extreme than other Southerners' until he demonstrated that he was ready to shoot as well as speak for racial segregation. For twenty-four hours the Capital was plunged into a turmoil approaching that of inauguration night by this comparatively insignificant member from below the Mason and Dixon line.

His mad March night began quietly enough. While riding on a trolley car to a Methodist church, where he was to deliver a prohibition address, he grew infuriated at a Negro who was drinking liquor in the presence of a white woman. Soon Congressman and Negro were rolling on the pavement. When they were dragged apart, Heflin reëntered the trolley car and the colored man turned toward the curb. The latter, according to Heflin's witnesses, continued his abusive language, and his hand shot toward his pocket. He may have been reaching for a flask or a gun, but Heflin had no doubt about it—he never entertains doubts—and blazed away twice through the car window. One bullet struck the negro in the neck, and the other, as bullets will, ricochetted and penetrated the leg of an ex-jockey.

Booked at the police station on two charges of assault with a dangerous weapon, Heflin's defense and justification, it would appear, was *dementia democratica.* To questions regarding his nationality and occupation he gave but one answer: "I am a Democrat." He said that he had done "only what any gentleman would do". He insisted that he had been receiving threatening letters and therefore had obtained permission to tote a pistol. Meanwhile, the Capital paid appropriate tribute to its two-shot Congressman.

The police station soon filled with excited members of Congress. Telephone bells rang, messengers scurried through the streets on a search for bail, the newsboys sang the story of the extras and the most thrilling event since Admiral Dewey's homecoming was heralded with the opening, banging and shutting of gossip-laden

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windows. It was, without a doubt, a great night for Heflin and headlines.

The concentration of his Congressional champions in the precinct house may have touched Don Tom, but it was not productive of bail. All twenty members were eager to aid, but some possessed more zeal than property, others owned up to certain embarrassing encumbrances, and the rest had assigned their belongings to their wives. It began to look like the hoosegow for the honorable gentleman from the Fifth Alabama District, but after a four hours' wait there appeared an ex-saloon keeper with sufficient unencumbered and wifeless collateral. Thus ended an evening in which a holy tilt against Demon Rum had been transformed through the best and most chivalric of intentions into a scuffling and shooting scrape, with Heflin emulating his Spanish prototype by landing in the donjon keep.

This incident seems to have exerted a mollifying effect, but not for long. During the Taft Administration he was a vanguard and rearguard speaker against the "big interests" as he saw them reflected in century-old Republican policies. The issues of those days were heaven-sent for a young member who owned a pair of leather lungs and acrobatic arms.

But he was not alone in these tirades, and a good part of public and press agreed with his ideas, so that although he cannot be said ever to have enjoyed a golden age as a statesman, these years may accurately be described as his gold-plate period. He was ever ready to shed a tear or an oration over the evil ways into which the party of Abraham Lincoln had fallen.

"The sons of Eli," he Jeremiahed, "carried the Ark of the Covenant, but the Spirit of the Covenant had fled, and the spirit of Lincoln no longer abides in the ark or strong box you Republicans carry above your cohorts at campaign time."

The election of Woodrow Wilson was "balm of Gilead" to him. He strode through Congressional corridors as triumphantly as the Sons of Israel swept through the streets of the Holy City upon their return from the land of bondage. Likewise, Heflin was returning from a political wilderness in which the tree of patronage had withered under the neglect of a Philistine President, and the flower of his oratory had oft been crushed by a

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czaristic Speaker. Heflin held no doubts of the righteousness of the Democratic victory at Roosevelt's Armageddon, or of that in 1916.

"You know why we won," he roared, when twitted by "Nick" Longworth about the 1916 affair. "The success of the Democratic party was the triumph of mind over matter. You Republicans nominated your strongest man, but he was an animated icicle with frost on his whiskers. Someone else has explained it by saying that, in the opinion of the rank and file, neither of your candidates belonged to the human family."

The Congressional Record does not disclose Heflin's name attached to any important legislation during Wilson's régime, but that is presumably an oversight. He has often charged that "Republican stenographers" of Congress deliberately misquote him, and it may be that the editors of *The Record* have been equally culpable. But inasmuch as he professes to believe that talk is the essence of a Congressman's duties, he is perhaps correct in assuming that he was a "pillar of fire" and a "Tower of Babel" during this period.

It was about this time that Heflin as we know him today began to appear. Foes visible to none but himself beleaguered him. Correspondents of "the subsidized press" organized plots to destroy him and keep his message from the people. With a cocksureness that brought quizzical smiles even to the lips of his friends, he accepted fiction as fact and rumor as reality, so long as they accorded with his prejudices. Those who opposed the slightest whim of his Virginian President shared a circle in hell as low as that occupied by Judas and Benedict Arnold. The ancient, childish spectres which had darkened his bedroom fifty years before again arose to becloud his horizon and, so it seemed, to befuzzle his wit. Everybody but himself was out of step, and everybody was laying pitfalls that he, too, might stumble into paths of prejudice, bitterness and ignorance. Day after day there were so many of these puffing and prophetic storms that Uncle Joe Cannon once declared that Heflin reminded him of an "Albanian sunset".

"But what is an Albanian sunset, Uncle Joe?" inquired Fordney, who divined that the Speaker was in epigrammatic mood.

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"An Albanian sunset, sir," replied Uncle Joe in all seriousness, as he turned cool and contemptuous eyes on the purple-faced, palpitating member from Alabama, "is a string of big, red, fat firecrackers all going off at the same time."

The World War, which unbalanced so many great minds, could not but leave its mark on Don Tom. His attitude was never in doubt; it was vocal and visible. The patriotic flames which burned fiercely enough in other men made of him a roaring, red, white and blue bonfire of chauvinistic fervor. Thus armed against challenge, he proceeded to question the loyalty of some of his colleagues.

No sooner was it hinted that Von Bernstorff was using a $50,000 fund for propaganda purposes than Heflin assailed thirteen unnamed members whose conduct, he told the House, had been "suspicious".

His coupling of the names of two members with those of "traitors and Anarchists" led the House to expunge his remarks, but this censure was not sufficiently drastic for a raw-boned Irishman from North Dakota. As Heflin disappeared under a bench with his assailant straddling him, it appeared that the gentleman from Alabama was to suffer the fate of his remarks, with the approval of many amused members. There was none to defend the firebrand, but there were many to cry "Let 'em fight!" and "It will be a good thing if Heflin gets a licking!"

When Heflin and the hubbub had been quieted, the House authorized an investigation of his insinuations. Notwithstanding his denial that he had intended to intimate the acceptance of German money by anyone, and his repudiation of two newspaper interviews on the subject, the committee found that his conduct had been "subject to criticism". When the repudiation of the newspaper stories was read, the House "greeted it with loud guffaws", and "Heflin turned red in the face". He did not follow the committee's suggestion that the proper course was to institute expulsion proceedings against suspected members.

Upon his citing his remarks as published in *The Congressional Record* to prove their innocuousness, it was discovered that he had "softened" the stenographic notes, a fault which has be-

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come a habit. Uncle Joe Fordney then pointed out that Heflin had changed the word "applause" to "loud applause".

"The stenographers' notes did not contain the applause in the galleries," stammered Heflin, as his colleagues rolled in their seats from side-splitting laughter. "The applause was all around the hall, showing that the people endorsed what I said."

"Then I take it," suggested the suave Fordney, "that the gentleman from Alabama did not address the House, but the galleries, as he usually does."

In 1920 Don Tom abandoned the House to its careless and unregenerate ways, and won a seat in the Senate. His career there has been no more turbulent than in the House, but it has attracted more attention because of the smaller size of the upper body, and its pre-Heflin dignity.

Moreover, the Senate's liberal rules afford him wider scope and greater altitude. In fact, he has often been cited as an irrefutable body of evidence for the demand of Vice-President Dawes that the Senate adopt stringent cloture rules. When all that can be said has been said on any conceivable subject, Heflin is sure to be ready with "just one word more, Mister President." He lives, oratorically speaking, off other men's achievements.

It remained for Senator Walsh of Montana to expose the Teapot Dome and Elk Hill oil deals, but Walsh could never advance his lines so rapidly that the Alabama artilleryman, who then sat directly behind the Senate's chronic investigator, was not belching brimstone into his ears. Walsh may have uncovered "the little black bag", but it was left for Heflin to reveal that an even slicker means of ministerial corruption was the system whereby Harry F. Sinclair laid fictitious wagers on Kentucky Derby entries and turned over fabulous winnings to depraved Cabinet officers! Walsh may have had the evidence, but Heflin had the rumor.

Extravagances such as this have often weakened a good Democratic cause, but Heflin's political associates learned long ago that they can do nothing except grin and bear him. They have discovered that they can neither shame nor suppress him; should he find himself in a tight place, where naught but facts will save him, he "declines to yield" or tells a funny story to divert his

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pursuers. His recourse to an alcoholic anecdote once reduced even the loquacious Senator Borah to speechlessness, and deprived the sensitive Idahoan of a chance to continue his explanation of his vote against the bill to raise Senators' salaries.

Heflin, who declared that increasing its own pay was one of the finest things the Senate had ever done, likened Borah to an "old soak" who, with tongue in cheek, was pretending that he had no taste for the mint julep his wife was preparing at the direction of the drunkard's doctor friend.

"After protesting long enough," chuckled Heflin, "John Allen took that mint julep, with frost on the sides of the glass, a bank of sugar an inch deep on the bottom, and three strawberries nestling thereon like so many eggs in a robin's nest, while the mint leaned over the rim of the glass. John Allen took that mint julep in his hand, and the amber-colored liquid flowed over the velvet folds of his stomach, like a dewdrop sinking into the heart of a rose."

Senator Robinson, who rebuked Heflin for his anti-Catholic speeches, found him quite as slippery as Borah did. Although Robinson and Heflin had battled like two gladiators, with menacing gestures, flushed faces and clenched fists, Heflin assailed the newspaper correspondents for not having described the encounter as an exchange of pleasantries. As soon as Alabama's leading citizens and newspapers had expressed resentment at Heflin's picture of their State as a hotbed of intolerance, he changed his tune and crooned this lullaby:

"Those newspaper men knew I was foolin' when I said Senator Robinson would be tarred and feathered if he spoke for religious toleration in my State. There was no feeling or bitterness in what I said; there was none in my heart. Ha-ha! Why, Senator Robinson laughed, I laughed, the galleries laughed—everybody laughed. It was all in fun. But those hickory-headed scribblers took that one sentence out of a three-hour speech and played it up. That shows how they lie about me."

At this exhibition of gymnastics the Senate sat silent a moment, and then, with howls from the galleries as an obligato, permitted itself a dignified snicker. To his colleagues Heflin must long since have become a bore, but to the galleries he is ever a source of amusement. It is to them that he addresses himself, and he

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frequently cites well-filled balconies as evidence that his services for God and country and Alabama are appreciated.

"Oh, we understand perfectly," interrupted the caustic Senator Moses on one of these occasions. "The population of Washington knows that at times the Senate is much more interesting and cheaper than the movies, and consequently they come here."

But these sarcastic flings will not deter Don Tom from his self-appointed task of baring and beating his breast against the day when a Papal army will debark upon our shores. To this prediction he would undoubtedly subscribe, qualifying it only with the invocation which he utters so frequently in the Senate: "If I live, if I live!"

For it appears that he is in daily fear for his life. Once again he is receiving threatening letters; plots and poison are all about him. He must exercise extraordinary precautions about his food, and eat only at restaurants that are safeguarded against possible enemies. Though he can recall no specific attempt to poison him, he remembers, when pressed, that once he "ate a delicious dish of peach ice cream and suffered violent cramps two hours later." That was in Chicago.

"I never found out whether they had tried to get me that time," he adds in a theatrical whisper.

But let it not be suspected that these fears are mere hallucinations. On another occasion the Senator was forced to leave a restaurant unfed to ward off his foes.

"I was in the habit of eating there," explains Don Tom, "and I always had the same waiter girl; her name was Gertrude. I had been warned by friends that I must watch out for a certain waitress in the place. This particular evening I wanted to leave early to catch a train, and I asked that Gertrude serve me. But when a waitress appeared, it was the one I had been warned against. She insisted she was to wait on me, but I just pulled out my watch, said I had to catch a train and fled."

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WHY WOMEN SUCCEED IN BUSINESS

BY LILLIAN M. GILBRETH

THE title of this article is a very charming one, for it takes for granted what one otherwise would have to prove. But this is in no wise a controversial presentation or a statistical one, and does not aim either to prove that a large number of women do succeed in business or anywhere else, or that this number, whatever it may be, bears a significant relationship to a similar number of men in industry or out. It aims rather to show that women succeed in business or anything else because of certain definite things. As it happens these things or most of them bring success to men also, but that is beside the question, except that it stamps what is to be said from the start as having little value as an argument.

Success is a difficult thing to define or to measure, but we may perhaps take it to mean here a certain amount of satisfaction that a person takes in her achievements, that her associates take, and that the world at large takes. It is a pleasant thing to study, if we characterize it in this way, so that it is surprising that more time has not been devoted to it. We are always avid to investigate failures. The front pages of the yellow dailies, the most popular magazines and films and novels, are full of the details of people who have failed in business, in marriage, in life in general. Compared with accounts of these, stories of successes occupy little space and arouse little interest; that is, if written in a simple and straightforward fashion and not transformed into romantic adventures.

The reason for this is probably because success does not usually come through a lucky accident, a marvellous endowment and equipment, or an extraordinary combination of circumstances, but through a definite plan of work, ability to stick to a job, and a realization that real satisfactions come only from keeping at a thing until it is done and done thoroughly. It is true of course

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that if a successful man or woman is asked how he has succeeded, he will probably give an account of the unimportant things which he remembers to have contributed in some way to his getting on, but will forget the big underlying principles which have really been the cause of his succeeding. They have become a very part of his living and he will never think to speak of them unless he is asked definitely about them.

Fundamental to success in business as in everything else is a right philosophy of work. A person who believes that work is in and of itself desirable and worth while, goes at any kind of work she has to do as at an opportunity. She does not attempt to rush it through with the idea of getting leisure for something more attractive, but settles down to it with a feeling that here is the best that life has to offer, a chance for activity. This does not mean that she does not look forward to and appreciate leisure and fill her leisure with the most worth while thing she can plan for. She knows that without it her life will be poorly balanced and her work itself not nearly so worth while, but she plans for it as a relaxation from work done and a preparation for work to follow, and values it most as sending her back to work rested and adequate.

If she has this feeling toward work, then it is worth planning carefully and performing efficiently. She can get interest and satisfaction out of applying all the technique for personal efficiency that would otherwise seem a deadening undertaking. None of the findings that the engineer is increasingly putting at the disposal of any one will seem discouraging or oppressive. She will be glad to learn that all activities are in many ways fundamentally alike and that her personal programme, in industry or business or teaching or the home, may all be regulated by certain rules which simplify work methods and bring better results for every expenditure and effort. Of course if you hate work and rush through it efficiently only to enjoy leisure, any one who attempts to standardize your work methods and tell you how to do the things you only do under protest anyhow, is a bore if not a menace. But if you love work, then simplified methods which help you to get more done with less effort simply free you from making unimportant decisions over and over again and teach

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you, when the precious time comes that is free to devote to the really creative work, how to give most of yourself to it with the greatest effectiveness.

In the second place, those who succeed have learned not only to love work but to revel in the economic contributions which they are able to make through it. They have come to feel the thrill of being producers. That makes one satisfied, no matter what activity she happens to be engaged at, if she is simply having a chance to be one of the group that is adding in some way to the world's assets. Just the type of satisfaction she will take in what she contributes depends of course partly on her and partly on the kind of work she finds available. For work as it is set up everywhere may give such a variety of satisfactions. It may mean output that heaps up in quantity, where the worker has a chance to see what she has done assume increasing proportions. It may be a stack of machine parts, or a pile of manuscript, or a basket of darned stockings, or anything else that one can hold to long enough to enjoy for quantity, before it is taken away to be used. Industry and home alike must be careful not to do away with this satisfaction by ingenious devices designed to prevent clutter and crowding or too eager users. Both of these may mean that a possible satisfaction is taken away or is never even known to exist.

Another type of satisfaction comes from quality work, from having a part in the creation or perfection of something fine and perhaps beautiful. This is found in many types of work everywhere, but is something the careless or untrained onlooker often fails to realize. It is at times even something that the person who gets the satisfaction fails to note herself unless it is called to her attention. Then she realizes that her job means what it does to her just because it gives her a chance to give that finish to what she does that makes it what it really is. For everything that we work on we create to that extent and its degree of perfection reflects something in us.

Just as quantity and quality give us a chance to extend our personality, so do tools and instruments and equipment and machinery and power. We hear so much of the restrictions of this machine age and of the deadening effect of power, yet we

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forget that it has not only freed the horse but the man and woman as well. Like everything else power can be turned to bad use and one can become its slave, but there are millions today whom it has made to some extent masters and who feel themselves develop as they learn to handle new tools and new machines. This is one of the real lures of the automobile and the speed boat and the aeroplane. The same thing holds true in a more modest way of machine tools and even of hand tools, be they used in the shop, the office or the home. It is a factor of success to realize this, to keep one's equipment effective and one's skill active. A trained observer can pick out those who do this anywhere. There is something about the satisfied skilled worker at the punch press, the adding machine, the typewriter, the sewing machine, that spells adequacy and usually spells success also. If it does not, it is because there is some known or unknown hindrance or resistance that needs to be overcome. This is the job benevolent thinkers should be busy about, rather than trying to find inherent causes for dissatisfaction in the results of engineering progress.

Some jobs give a chance for working by oneself, others for group activity. Some jobs give a chance for working inconspicuously, others for appearing in the limelight. Some jobs mean competing only with one's own record, others mean strenuous competition with other people's records or with those people themselves. The satisfactions differ very widely. Some jobs mean working with things, other jobs mean working with people. Some take us outdoors and others in, some take us away from home and some keep us at home. Some are repetitive and others never twice alike. Some mean little responsibility and others much. These all have their own peculiar satisfaction. They may be jobs for men or for women or for both. They may be jobs in industry or in the home or both. They are primarily jobs set up in a certain way and bringing with that setup certain results and satisfactions.

It may ultimately be the task of the person looking for success to study jobs, to find out who ought to be doing them and whether there is something fundamentally about them that indicates that they belong to a certain sex or a certain place or a certain time or have other such limitations. It is certainly her task to find out

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exactly what their requirements are under the setup of today and exactly what satisfactions may be expected of them. Then she will know what to expect of them, provided of course she is of the type that is willing to accept present day usage and get the most out of things as they are. If she is a pioneer or a fighter or an adventurer, she may try to change things or to undertake something which is unusual, knowing that she will get some pleasure out of the attempt, no matter what the outcome may be. If she is wise she will provide against surprises and shocks unless she really likes these, and give the job what it asks, if she expects it to give her what it offers.

The successful person must know jobs. She must also know herself. Just as she will accomplish most if she is sure what she can expect from the job, so she will if she is equally sure what she can expect from herself. She may get this information by having some one rate her, or even by rating herself, if she has courage enough to do this. The introvert-extrovert tests of Dr. Laird, of Colgate, the many other rating scales which the industries and the schools offer, will help her here, or she may simply ask herself "What things can I do? What things do I like to do? Why?" If the "why" is true and is explicit enough, it will help her to locate the similar things in other fields which she could do and enjoy doing, and the other things which she could not do or would hate to do if she could.

Let her not for a moment delude herself by thinking that an activity which she cannot do in one place would through some miracle be possible or easy in another. Let her not think that if she hates doing it in one place, she would, after the new wore off, like doing it in another. If she is irritated by the children in the home, she would be equally irritated by the childlike minds to be found everywhere in industry and business. If she hates detailed work in the office, she would find it equally unattractive in the research job. If she despises repetitive work in industry, she would find it equally unalluring in the home. Novelty of surroundings, possibility of new contacts, other accompanying features, might make a job attractive for a while, or bearable permanently, but the fundamental things one does poorly or unwillingly remain identical, and their dissatisfactions remain iden-

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tical also. The same thing luckily is true with satisfactions, and if one is clever enough to know oneself and the types of things one can do well and with pleasure, one can find congenial, profitable work almost everywhere.

What has all this to do with women marrying and running homes and raising families, or going into business or industry, or making "careers", or possibly combining both? A great deal. It means that success in every case depends on analyzing consciously or unconsciously the demands of the job and the supply one has to offer to meet them; but especially the satisfactions that the work has to offer and the degree that these would really prove satisfying to oneself. It is to be hoped that this analysis will increasingly have a broader field for both men and women, that all of us will care to know enough about every job of every sort to see what possibilities it would offer to us and to other types of people. No matter what we feel about woman's place being the home and the man's place being in industry, we should not grudge to both a chance to know what every opportunity in every field offers. If family life really meant living with our children, making them a part of all the activities of both their parents, they would, boys and girls alike, have far better chances to know what openings there were for them. Every man, certainly every man who marries and raises a family, should have had first-hand experience in home-making jobs and some knowledge of the problems of family relations. Every woman, certainly every woman who marries and raises a family, should have some first-hand experience of the demands of industry, and what actually being in business means. She should know the effort it takes to earn a dollar, she should know the fatigue that comes from the industrial day, she should know the problems of pressure and friction and clutter and worry and monotony which are to be found in business and home life alike, and of course in every other activity as well.

We sometimes feel that if we care desperately for each other we can see through each other's eyes, but it is a great help to see though our very own eyes and to carry into our chosen life work a clear, first-hand, real picture of the other things we might have done, the other places where we might have worked, the other

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schedules we might have kept, the other people we might have associated with, the other satisfactions we might have enjoyed.

We can help each other most perhaps by coming to some common understanding as to what is most worth while. Surely we do not any of us grudge each other satisfactions and successes. What are the indications of it? How can we know it when we see it? What should we look for? Perhaps we shall find some very definite things about successful people. Perhaps we shall find out some things about people who are headed for success. Perhaps we shall find out some things about people who have aptitudes for it.

One thing we may expect to find is that the person is going somewhere, has some definite goal in mind and is on her way toward it. She may rush and cause great inconvenience to other people and herself, or she may go at a sure and slow pace and cause no bother to any one. She may go alone, or join a group, or lead a group. She may be pugnacious or peaceful. But she is always on her way.

A second thing we may expect to find is that the person looks adequate, and that other people have confidence in her and her ability to do what she says she can do. She may succeed without this, but if so, it is because she has overcome a tremendous handicap. To look and feel fit and adequate, physically, mentally, emotionally, and even sartorially, is an enormous asset. It makes one look successful at the start, and is perhaps the foundation of the old saying "Nothing succeeds like success". It is not the cocksure attitude of the person who has started off without adequate planning and without really knowing what she can perform, but the quiet assurance of the person who knows what she can do and is ready to do it. It is an outward appearance which reflects an inner reality, and does much to give the person who has it a chance at the things she wants to do.

A third thing we note is the work and the rest methods of a person who is going to succeed. She knows how to "get ready" and "do it" and "clean up". She works quietly and effectively and rests as efficiently. She has no waste motions because she has thought her methods through, and her definite thinking works itself out into definite action. Not necessarily standard action,

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for everything she does reflects her individuality. That is why it gives satisfaction.

Again the person who will succeed knows her limitations. She is not aggravated by them, neither does she aggravate others with them. This means she has learned not only to accept certain duties but to delegate to others to coöperate; to team off with some one who can supply her deficiencies, and perhaps if she is fortunate some of whose deficiencies she can supply. She has learned to think of the activity of which she is a part as something bigger than herself, to which she contributes, i.e., an organization, an educational group, a family. She realizes that the important thing is that the group shall make progress, and she shares in this progress if she contributes to it in any way. Its successes are hers. It is a bigger thing to be a part of an integrated group project than to develop a little individual unrelated project of one's own. She may, of course, have her own project too, but its chief aim is at some time to be of use to a larger, more significant project than it can ever be.

This means that women who would succeed in business must realize that success will come to them not primarily because they are women or because they are not women but because they are trained, adequate, understanding human beings. It is surprising how few successful men or women in business ever give much thought to the sex of the people for whom or with whom they are working, unless it is especially called to their attention. Habits of courtesy of course persist. Methods of thinking and emotional attitudes probably persist during rest intervals or fatigue periods. But successful people are too busy, too concentrated, too anxious to accomplish what they set out to do, to allow of their co-workers being anything but what they are, co-workers toward a desired goal. We recognize the impersonal attitude of the surgeon, or the doctor, or the lawyer. We do not recognize so often that this carries through to all who are absorbed in their work, so that we often make problems where none exist.

Again, women must realize that they will succeed in business not because they are in a plant or an office, a school, or even a home, but because they look upon their work whatever it is as a job to be understood thoroughly, done effectively and left when

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completed. This last is important. We must not put in less than the job demands, neither must we put in more. We must not expect less than it gives, neither must we expect more. We have no right to demand satisfactions a job is not designed to give, or to fill a twenty-four-hour day with a job that demands only eight. This has been one difficulty with the job of home making. We have confused the business of running a house with the activities of creating a home. The first is a job with definite duties and satisfactions. The second is a project which is supposed to complete the twenty-four-hour day of every one of us, no matter what his business may be. Whether one marries or not, and, if one marries, whether one raises a family or not, she must be a part of a home making project that will demand certain time and money and effort and interest and that will supply certain satisfactions. She has no right to ask business to make these demands or to meet them.

I believe that home making is the really essential project for all of us, men and women alike. If this is satisfying, we can go into business with prospects of success and satisfaction there also. If this is not satisfying, we may get temporary success and the resulting transitory satisfactions there. But to be permanent, they must be carried into the home project to be appreciated and shared. It does not answer the question as to what constitutes success in business to say that it depends on success in the home, but it is the first step to finding the answer, and in an integrated home will be found not only training for success in business and in the larger home project, but the field in which the success is demonstrated and enjoyed and made serviceable.

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THE DIME MUSEUM

BY DON ROSE

One may read of the amenities of book collecting, and so enjoy vicariously the cultivated delights belonging to a higher financial sphere. One may taste the calculated hospitality of the bookstores, skimming stacked tables discreetly, rapidly enough to escape the necessity of purchase. There are public libraries; there is the magnificence of the British Museum, the Louvre and the Library of Congress. But of all thrills attendant on the seeking, the buying, the borrowing of books, there is one supreme.

This is to buy a good book for ten cents at a second-hand bookstore.

All cities have their share of such bookstores. They also serve, in a world wherein there is no end to the making of books. They are a sort of intellectual repositories; wayside inns for books of passage; purgatories of paper and print; Potter's Fields for many books of no importance. In our own city is a second-hand bookstore distinguished above its fellows by a five-tier, fifty-foot shelf devoted to ten-cent books, and flanking the sidewalk with a standing invitation. This is the daily Mecca of many pilgrimages and hopes, and the field for rich gleanings among the unconsidered stubble of the publishing profession.

There are seasons when people seem either to sell more books or buy less. Of a sudden at such crises, either before the blast of inventory or the cold chill of poor business, the store begins to erupt its surplus, and books that have been enjoying false security and fancy prices on inner shelves rapidly descend the social scale. Unable to justify their original rating, they are sold up to pay for their board and lodging. They drop to fifty cents, to twenty-five cents. Finally they are poured forth on the ten-cent shelf in daily replenishments that keep it overflowing.

Here is the real dime museum of the day. Here is the true democracy of letters, and the melting pot of the brains of men.

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Here is the last judgment. Here must they find a kindly owner or face a final grave.

These books are venerable, used and worn, as is the wisdom of the world. They are doubtless full of germs, as by now are most of their authors. The great majority of them are overpriced at ten cents, but a greater majority I shall not buy. It is the remnant, the residue, that I seek after, and if I find one pearl a day in so many bivalves, my dime becomes a joyful offering.

A certain conscience must be developed in the buying of ten-cent books, else a library becomes a confusion of tongues. To buy all that are worth the modest price imperils the peace of the home, and books will overflow into cellar and attic. Four cardinal principles prevail. First, to buy no book, however excellent, treating of matters outside the conceivable domain of interest. Here, for instance, is a book, not unduly obsolete, on basket weaving. Yet I do not weave baskets, nor at this moment intend to. Here is a solid book on dentistry, and again the *Confessions of a Barber*, yet I do not practise auto-dentistry nor cut my own hair. Such books are not for me, and in charity I must remember that others are here to buy ten-cent books to their own liking.

Secondly, no book shall be bought for binding alone. This is a hard rule; it has a harder corollary, that no book shall be bought because it matches others already acquired. I prize some half-dozen volumes of Belles-Lettres, part of a "universal library", so called, which fell to my lot in the past. Here are six or seven volumes of the *Memoirs of Continental Courts* in the same edition or one of sufficient cousinship. How richly would they swell the importance of that other five, adding substance and symmetry to the shelf! Yet the Memoirs of Continental or any other courts have no proper place in my library, and for that I cannot, shall not buy them.

Thirdly, I may buy no book which I may not possibly, conceivably, eventually read. This does not mean that I have read or expect to read all my books; to ask this is to challenge the reasonable expectations of human life. But as I have more ties that I can wear; as I own pipes that I may never smoke again; as flowers grow in my garden that will never be plucked or noted, so my library is to present an opulence of choice, a variety of in-

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terest and infinitude of resource. With a thought to this wide basis of eligibility and another to the scarcity of shelf space, I will buy with such discretion as is granted to me.

Fourthly, no book may be forgiven for poor binding or bad print, and scarcely for the lesser shame of unseemly binding. I will have books substantial and adequate; yea, though they cost but ten cents; books whose outsides are comely and whose insides are decent. And even this is not incompatible with our appointed price. Witness my five volumes of George Eliot, all dressed in good leather, explaining in their substantiality how they have lived to tell their tale again. Here is a charming copy of *Rasselas*, surely an oversight of the presiding deity of the shelf. Here are five volumes of Dickens containing thirteen of his novels, bound in leather and not in ill repair. Why so cheap? Presumably because the set is incomplete. Yet thirteen tales from Dickens are no mean education.

The aim is to buy good books, well bound and printed, books of genuine interest which I hope or intend to read; and to buy them for ten cents. Occasionally, it is true, I am tempted around the corner and pay as high as twenty-five cents, but no profound principle is violated by somewhat stretching the limit. What fortune, then?

Enough to satisfy imagination and a modest ambition. A stray volume of Duruy's *History of Greece and Rome* were no great catch, but to collect five more becomes an achievement; that five of the group are in sequence is nothing short of direct Providence. A copy of Scott's *Antiquary* suggests further search, and patience is rewarded with thirteen volumes of the *Waverley Novels* in the same edition. Thirty cents purchases five inches of Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf, and compasses all classic English poetry. From these same shelves I have three Shakespeares, and one cannot have too many Shakespeares. The plays of Euripides, the Poems of Emerson, the *Ingoldsby Legends*, Marcus Aurelius, *Don Quixote*, *Sartor Resartus*, Xenophon on Socrates, Macaulay's *History of England*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, who will grudge for a volume of these the price of a sandwich?

If a man can read he need not die ignorant. Twelve harmonious volumes of science have left the shelf for a better home with

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me. Here are Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Tyndall's *Essays*, Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, Bacon's *Novum Organum*, Huxley's *Addresses*, and others as imposing. Have I read them? No. Have you?

Outside the classics there is room for rash venture. *Is Mankind Advancing*, a book much quoted years ago, turned up here and was worth another reading. Charles Kennedy wrote *The Servant in the House*, whose reputation justified the investment of twenty cents for two other plays from the same pen. Ten cents devoted to Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* was a happy accident. Odds and ends of poetry and short story have paid generous dividends. Sometimes one buys an odd volume of a series or of some many-volumed work, but there are many voluminous masterpieces of which one volume is enough.

Religious books are here, of course, in an abundance matched only, it seems, by the inexhaustible supply of Owen Meredith's *Lucile*. There are books of doctrine, hymn books, prayer books and polemics. The state of the Christian world makes its own confession at ten cents a copy. Not least significant is a copy of the Scriptures, once handsome and with its message still entire, which a piece of silver rescued from the underworld of books.

Indeed, if there be a moral to the ten-cent shelf it is this, that the best and most important memorials to human genius find their way eventually to this plentiful scrapheap. One not too particular as to binding and condition might find here fair representation of every writer of importance to classic English and American literature, history and philosophy. The novels of the day, the transient fads of philosophy or art, the technical treatises of trades, live on the sheltered shelves and name their own price. But in the open air, begging for an owner, herded with the least among books, are the wise thoughts of the ancients, the classics of literature, the fundamental studies of human wit and wisdom, and even the Word of the God of both Hebrew and Christian.

Add, then, to the many joys of poverty this privilege,—to spend much time and little money in treasure hunting on the scrapheaps of literature. Call it a waste of time if you will, but since there is time to be wasted, name if you can a better way to waste it.

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THE MEANING OF "DEMOCRACY"

BY JOHN S. DEAN

I AM obliged to dissent from practically all the sentiments expressed by our English cousin, Mr. C. H. Bretherton, in the article published in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, entitled *Too Much Democracy.*

The use of the term Democracy to describe the great free governments of modern times is, to say the least, unfortunate. It is a word of Greek origin, first used to describe the form of government under which certain diminutive City States in ancient Greece were managed and controlled. Modern "democracies," so-called, trace their origin to an entirely different source, and are in no sense patterned after the governments of these ancient communities. There is practically nothing in common between them. Nevertheless, theorists and lexicographers persist in identifying them with each other, thus leading to great confusion of ideas on the subject.

The most fundamental classification of governments has been either overlooked or ignored by most writers on the subject. This classification is not based upon mere matter of form, but relates entirely to divergent theories as to the source of governmental authority. From this point of view all governments that have ever existed in the world may be classified as belonging to one or the other of two great orders:

First, those established upon the theory that Government is a divine institution, established by Deity, and imposed upon the people, who are mere subjects and have no voice either in the choosing of their rulers or in defining or limiting the powers that may be exercised by them.

Second, those founded upon the theory that Government is a human institution, devised by the wisdom of man for the protection of society, which possesses no powers except such as are delegated to it by the people residing within its jurisdiction, who

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are regarded as citizens, and who may from time to time add to the powers already conferred, or withdraw them in accordance with an orderly procedure provided for that purpose.

Outside of these there are, of course, the nondescript dictatorships, which are mere temporary usurpations of governmental authority. There are also the unclassifiable, mixed forms, characteristic of the period of evolution, during which one order changes into the other.

All those of the second order, that is to say, all those organized upon the theory that government is a purely human institution, are "democracies" within the modern acceptation of the term. To express the principle more tersely, it may be said that all governments, where the people are citizens, are "democracies," and all governments, where the people are mere subjects, are not "democracies." "Subject" and "citizen" distinguish between the two orders of government.

It will, therefore, readily be seen that the subject of Mr. Bretherton's article, *Too Much Democracy*, is inept and meaningless.

It is inconceivable that any sane person would favor such a modification of the democratic principle as would change his status of citizen to that of a mere subject. The ancient conception of government as a "divine" institution, with its accompanying train of governmental hierarchies, vice-gerents, orders of nobility, and inheritance of power, is defunct among highly civilized and cultured people. The principle of Democracy is a living truth, reigning triumphant over the Western World, and certain, at no distant period, to supplant those despotic governments of the first order still prevailing in the Oriental world. Never again in the Western World will any man, clothed with governmental authority, repeat the sentiment of Wilhelm II, habitually addressed by his former subjects as the "All Highest," and now closing an inglorious career as an exile at Doorn, when he said:

> Here my grandfather placed, by his own right, the crown of the Kings of Prussia on his head, once again laying stress upon the fact that it was conferred upon him by the grace of God alone, not by Parliament, by meetings of the people, or by popular decisions; and that he considered himself the chosen instrument of Heaven and as such performed his duties as regent and as ruler.

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Undoubtedly, it was the modern significance of the term Democracy which President Wilson had in mind when he said that one of our principal objects in entering the late war was "to make the world safe for Democracy", and this was what President Lincoln meant when he said at Gettysburg that the soldiers of the Union made their great sacrifices so that "government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people", might not perish from the earth.

Our representative form of government, all of the authority and powers of which are admittedly derived from the people over which it is established, had its origin in the customs and practices of our barbarian ancestors. Says Freeman, the English historian:

> We brought with us our own political and social system; that is, the form which the political and social system common to the whole Aryan family had taken among the tribes of northern Germany. A germ of political and social life was brought into Britain in the keels of Hengest, which, changing from generation to generation but never itself exchanged for any other system, borrowing from foreign sources but assimilating what it borrowed with its own essence, changing its outward shape but abiding untouched in its true substance, has lived and grown through fourteen hundred years into the law, the constitution, the social being of England.

And Blackstone corroborates this historical fact by the following statement:

> The absolute rights of every Englishman, which, taken in a political and extensive sense, are usually called their liberties, as they are founded on nature and reason, so they are *coeval* with our form of government; . . . and their fundamental articles have been from time to time asserted in parliament, as often as they were thought to be in danger.

These "liberties of Englishmen" were dearly prized by the Fathers of our Republic, and it was the violation of such rights by a British Parliament that led to our Revolutionary War.

Successful in that struggle, the people of America in the establishment of our constitutional system re-affirmed and adopted the great principles of liberty thus outlined. In our State Constitutions the common law of England is specifically adopted as the law of the State, and the Seventh Amendment to the National Constitution provides:

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No fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

Briefly stated, the Revolutionary controversy arose over the effort of a British Parliament to govern its colonies arbitrarily, denying to Englishmen outside the little island the same rights and liberties enjoyed by the Englishmen at home. Our forefathers did not rebel against the constitution and laws of England which protected the liberties of Englishmen—they fought for the right to claim them as their own. It was the arbitrary act of an English Parliament, declaring that "all His Majesty's colonies and plantations in America, have been, are, and of right ought to be, subordinate to and dependent upon the Imperial Crown and Parliament of Great Britain; who have the full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient validity to bind the colonies and people of America, subjects of the Crown of Great Britain, in all cases whatsoever," against which they rebelled.

Having succeeded in establishing their independence, they proceeded to establish upon a firm foundation those ancient principles of liberty and self-government which they claimed to be the rightful inheritance of all Englishmen, whether abiding in the British Isles, or pioneering in the vast wildernesses of America.

In the accomplishment of this purpose they found it necessary to announce and confirm a new principle, which forms the keystone of the arch of human liberty, to wit, the principle that the legislative power of government is naturally a limited one.

Congresses and parliaments, no more than princes, can be trusted with absolute power. The people, as individuals, possess rights which no government should be permitted to take from them, and our constitutional system, for the first time in the history of the world, recognizes and guarantees the observance of these rights.

The germs of our representative system are found, not in any precedent of the ancient civilized world, but in the practice of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, in the village-moot (meeting of the freemen of the village, or township, where all matters of local concern were determined), the hundred-moot (meeting of the freemen of numerous villages to decide on matters of common concern to

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them), and the wittenagemote (meeting of the freemen of the whole people, or nation, to elect their chiefs, or leaders, and to decide matters of national concern). The rules and customs gradually developed as guides for the decisions to be made in these several meetings (the common law) were the sources out of which the representative or parliamentary character of government was developed.

This early character of Anglo-Saxon polity was developed without any knowledge on the part of our ancestors that there was any such place as Greece, or any such thing as a democratic City State. These were independent Anglo-Saxon institutions, the results of experience, developed through unknown centuries before the conquest of Britain, without knowledge by the people who developed them of any governmental institutions of the so-called civilized world.

Mr. Bretherton's reference to the governments of the little City States of ancient Greece as "pure democracies" repeats the common misunderstanding of the character of those institutions. They were "pure" *aristocracies* in which a small percentage of the population exercised all the functions and powers of government without any authority derived from the vast majority of the "people". The offices of government devolved by lot, day after day, upon the members of this aristocracy who happened to be chosen for the time being to perform official acts. True, these aristocrats called themselves "citizens" and called their government a "democracy" or "government of the people". It was a misnomer. The great democracies of modern times do not resemble them in any respect, and were developed by people who had no knowledge of their existence, or character. They were not governments "*of* the people, *by* the people, or *for* the people", but absolute forms of government in which a few of the "people" maintained an absolute, unlimited, and tyrannical sway over most of the "people".

The sooner we learn to exclude these misnamed "democracies" of ancient Greece from the category of democratic governments, i.e., governments deriving their powers exclusively from all the people, and in which every individual is given an equal legal status with every other individual, the sooner we shall arrive at a

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correct apprehension of the modern character of government which we call a "democracy".

Mr. Bretherton's prediction, that our Federal Government will eventually absorb all the functions of our State legislative and judicial establishments, betrays an abysmal ignorance of the trend of public thought in the United States. Local self government in all matters pertaining to the domestic affairs of the States is as thoroughly established as a fundamental part of our polity as that the National Government is, and will remain, sovereign in all things that pertain strictly to national affairs. The disastrous failure of the attempt of the Government of Great Britain to deprive the American colonies of local self government settled that question for all time. Her error has received a belated acknowledgment in the establishment of the "British Commonwealth of Nations" which roughly corresponds to the Confederation of the Colonies.

The States of the Union will never submit to have their own ideas and desires, in regard to the control and regulation of their domestic affairs, overruled by the central Government at Washington. An attempt to establish such a dictatorship would sooner or later result in a dissolution of the Union.

The sentiment of the people on this subject was emphatically demonstrated by the overwhelming rejection of the proposal to adopt the Twentieth Amendment to our national Constitution, which would have given Congress the power "to prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age"—a palpable attempt to substitute National for State authority over the domestic affairs of the States.

Whether Prohibition is a matter of domestic or national concern may well be a subject for debate, but there can be no doubt that it is regarded as a domestic question by many of the States, and its transference to the jurisdiction of the Federal Government has to a considerable extent imperilled the stability and weakened respect for the authority of that Government.

The strength of the argument, that on account of the multitude of laws necessarily resulting from the independent legislative authority of the several States conditions are becoming intolerable, is greatly overestimated.

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Mr. Bretherton's statement, that "more inhibitory laws are annually placed on the statute books, State and Federal, than in all of the statute books of Europe together" is, I believe, incorrect and misleading. More than ninety-five per cent. of the laws referred to are mere appropriation acts, enabling statutes, and minor enactments which do not in the least affect the liberty of our citizens. A review of the session laws of one State is enlightening upon the subject. In the last session of the Legislature of the State of Kansas 347 laws were passed. Of these seventy-three were mere appropriations of money to pay the State officers and maintain State charitable institutions; forty-nine related to the management of city affairs, and had no general application at all; seventeen related merely to the management of State institutions; nineteen related to schools, merely giving authority to vote bonds to build school houses, or some such local matter; fifteen related to subjects of taxation; eighteen merely fixed salaries of county officers; nine related to courts, creating additional facilities for the relief of overburdened dockets, etc.; eleven related to county and State fairs, conferring power upon counties to encourage and assist such institutions; four related to banks; seven to bonds; sixteen to roads and drainage districts; five to cemeteries; and fourteen fixed various fees and salaries.

Only six of these laws could be said in any way to be "inhibitory", and these were simply provisions strengthening already existing laws where they had been found to be unsuitable, and in need of amendment. "Inhibitions" of personal liberty are much more numerous and oppressive in European States than in the United States.

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CHURCH SHRINES AND MARKET STALLS

BY WILLIAM WALLACE IRWIN

ONE Sunday morning the fancy took us to attend the service at the church of Saint Eustache, where the organ music is reputed to be the best in Paris. In addition to the smell of incense with which old churches become saturated, Saint Eustache always contains a mighty and appetizing odor of fresh cabbage and spicy potherbs. In our ignorance we had always attributed this smell to the proximity of the great central markets which lie just across the street, and had never stopped to ask ourself why the church should smell of savory herbs when the section of the market that is nearest to it is devoted to the sale of beef.

The buying in the markets is usually finished by seven in the morning, but as the working folk who cannot come on other days descend like locusts on Sunday, on that day the markets are active until nine. This is why we had the chance to discover the origin of the odor of Saint Eustache.

Immense as the market is, space is scarce and valuable and the truck farmers from the suburbs usually sell their produce directly from their great carts backed up against the curb. They began to build the church in 1532—Pizarro was fighting and stealing in Peru at the time and the Pilgrim Fathers were not due to sail for nearly a century—and ever since that date the pavement skirting the south side has been sacred during market hours to the vendors of cabbages and cooking herbs.

Here were stacked against the very walls of the church great piles of silvery garlic, of dark green laurel branches, of perfumed thyme, of waxen leeks and golden onions, while against the curb were wagons with mountainous loads of cabbages whose firm white and green rotundity showed in fresh and pleasing contrast with the time-blackened stones of the ancient building.

It appears that when he comes to *Les Halles* to do his weekly marketing, the French workingman prefers a gunnysack to a

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basket; at any rate four out of five that we saw were provided with that humble but capacious container.

"That cabbage, madame, how much costs it?"

"Ah! is it not beautiful, monsieur? Feel how it weighs. I will give it you for twenty sous."

Monsieur shakes his head sadly and turns away with the expression of a man who finds himself heartlessly betrayed by a friend, but who is too proud to show how he suffers.

Madame calls after him, "Well, take it for eighteen. I lose by it, but—what would you?—the market is nearly over." Monsieur opens his sack—chug! goes the cabbage to the bottom and they separate. They are both content; Monsieur has paid a fair price and Madame has received exactly what she expected.

Monsieur is accosted by a young lady; her blond bobbed hair is elaborately waved, but her hands resemble bunches of fat red sausages. She holds up six beautiful purple and white turnips. "They are the last I have, monsieur. Take them for twenty sous. They are worth more, but I want to leave." The sack is opened; tum-tum-tum! go the turnips on top of the cabbage. The young lady ducks behind a wagon for an instant and as we stroll on we see her approach another possible purchaser with six more turnips—"The last I have, monsieur, . . ." etc.

The market women of Paris are credited with a vocabulary which outdoes even that of their sisters of Billingsgate, and when things—or individuals—do not suit them, "the long black curses come sliding out of their innocent little mouths like morning dew off a rose". This freedom of speech has been famous for centuries, and Villon refers to it in a ballade, *Il n'est bon bec que de Paris*, written fifty years before Columbus sailed.

As we continue our walk we pass a lovely color-scheme composed of many great orange pumpkins spread abroad on a thick bed of clear yellow wheat straw and framed at each side by tall narrow baskets full of emeralds—it is true they sell them as Brussels sprouts, but no emeralds were ever more beautiful.

But here is the jeweler of the market. Merely to look in his plate glass window gives one a mingled feeling of hunger, indigestion and bankruptcy. Here are displayed edible birds' nests from China, dried turtle meat from the West Indies, se-

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lected truffles from Périgord,—each as big as a goose egg,—lark pies from Pithiviers, goose liver pies from Strasbourg, fresh caviar from Russia,—each egg as big as a small pea,—and the wonderful white sausages of chicken-breasts, bread-crumbs, cream and truffles, that Burgundy supplies to the truly virtuous.

Having thus wafted our epicurean soul up to the proper pitch, we enter the battered portal of Saint Eustache and steep ourself for an hour in the rolling music of the mighty organ.

* * * * *

Another morning—in war time—I took a walk, across the *Pont Neuf* to *La Cité*, past the grim towers of the *Palais de Justice* with its ancient Hall of the Lost Footsteps, past the sombre walls of God's House, eldest of the long line of endowed hospitals, across the *Parvis* with its memories of Quasimodo, and so into the great cathedral. Here at least, in a fane hallowed by a thousand years of worship, I hoped to forget for a few moments the city and its sorrow. I stood and steeped my soul in the beauty of the great rose windows, windows that were old when Columbus was born, windows whose high purple and scarlet grandeur is as soothing as the sound of wind in the pines.

As I turned to leave a new altar caught my eye. It stood against the south wall near the eastern portal and was dedicated "To those who die for the motherland". Above the altar, dimly seen in the dusky shadow lightened only by the flickering flames of the votive candles, hung in folds of heavy silk—color lapping color—the flags of the Allied Nations, and among them our flag . . . at last. And I stared at it, thinking of the little children on the Lusitania and what a foul thing is a politician.

When I had stepped ashore at Bordeaux I had vowed a candle to a saint for bringing us safely through the region of German hate. I knew nothing about saints, but the idea had a rich mediæval flavor that appealed to me. It took some meditation to decide who was entitled to the candle, but I finally settled upon Saint Geneviève, as she was the patron of Paris and to her city I had safely journeyed. Although it was many years since I had last been in Paris, I remembered distinctly the appearance of the church that contained her shrine and that it lay in the Latin Quarter, but its name I had forgotten.

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On leaving Notre Dame, I stood on the Little Bridge and consulted my map. For some reason Saint Germain-des-Pres sounded likely, and it seemed to be in about the proper spot, so thither I hurried. A glance at the outside convinced me of an error, and a hasty survey of the interior made it certain. Again the map—well, Saint Sulpice is near, let's try that. Foiled for the second time, I pocketed my pride and asked the way. The beadle was all courtesy:—"*La tombe de Sainte Geneviève . . . mais oui, Monsieur . . . à l'église de Saint Étienne-du-Mont.*" So up the hill I journeyed and, as luck would have it, it was the feast of the good saint.

Down the street before the church, under the very shadow of the great dome of the Pantheon, ran a row of booths for the sale of medals, rosaries, pictures, etc., and at one of these I stopped and made known my desire to purchase a candle . . . a large candle . . . a most large candle. Instantly all was excitement, polite excitement, well controlled excitement, but nevertheless excitement. For what did Monsieur desire the most large candle? Monsieur had made the voyage from America with great safeness—yes, yes (with nods of understanding)—the submarines. Monsieur desired in token of his thanks for having reached the beautiful Paris in safety, to place a candle on the tomb of Saint Geneviève of Paris. Sighs of perfect comprehension—that was very good, but Monsieur must purchase the candle in the church.

Monsieur headed for the church followed by a buzz of conversation from which projected herself a very respectable Madame of the small shop-keeping type. Would Monsieur do himself the trouble of following her and she would—the rest lost in a bubbling rush of explanatory syllables. Although a trifle puzzled, Monsieur asserted his willingness and Madame led him around several odd corners, through a dilapidated doorway, a dark passage, a sudden turn, and lo! he was in the church and close to the tomb.

It was then that Monsieur really appreciated the kindness of Madame. There was a special service in honor of the saint and the church was crowded; if he had entered by the main door, Monsieur was assured in a whisper, he could not possibly have reached the shrine.

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The scene was truly mediæval in its contrasts. On one side was the altar with the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris in full canonicals, assisted by a flock of priests and altar ministrants—a glory of gold and cream and scarlet in a cloud of "good, strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke". On the other side—blue and gold, with candles, hundreds of candles—candles sprouting like a lake of flame-tipped ivory reeds—was the shrine. Between were the people—mostly plain, some shabby, and all . . . all in black. And overhead, among the high, shadow-filled vaults of the ancient building, boomed the wonderful Gregorian chant.

Monsieur would willingly have stood for an hour soaking in the beauty of it all, but Madame had an object to accomplish. Politely but firmly, and with wonderfully little disturbance considering how closely crowded was the congregation, she worked her way ahead with a very apologetic Monsieur in her wake.

At the shrine itself was a booth for the sale of candles and here Monsieur made his choice. The price it appeared was five francs, and considering the size of the candle it did not seem exorbitant. Monsieur was reaching for his purse when Madame addressed the vendor. "Daughter of a fishmonger!" she began in a hissing whisper—but Monsieur could catch the words "*la patrie*" and "*les soldats des États-Unis*". Madame's little outburst came to an abrupt close at the very instant when the keeper of the stall decided that two francs and a half was ample for the candle selected. Monsieur however felt certain that Madame's speech must have possessed a certain pungent quality, for it was a very subdued candle seller that handed him his change.

Madame then assisted her ward in the lighting and placing of the offering and at last he saw it burning, clear and steady, over the gilded brass of the tomb. "There, good saint," thought Monsieur, "burning candles is no doubt a silly business, but somehow I feel better for having done it."

At the church door, quite cheerfully and unemotionally, Madame bade him goodbye and Monsieur swept his hat to the ground as he bent over her shabby glove as he would over that of a duchess—which was the least and the most he could do. And Monsieur has since wondered more than once if there is any country save France where such an incident could have occurred.

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CARMEN BECOMES A CITIZEN

BY ISABEL DE PALENCIA

THAT anything so progressive and, to certain minds, prosaic as "Women's Rights" should exist in Spain, even theoretically, may seem little short of tragedy and contrary to all well established principles and notions regarding the idiosyncrasy of the land of the Cid, of Cervantes, and of Christopher Columbus. Romantic souls will perhaps regret that such modern views as come within the limits of feminine emancipation should have taken root in a country considered by poets as the birthplace of Love with a capital L; where women have long been supposed to cherish no other aim in life than to set men's hearts on fire—supposing this to be still a possible accomplishment—with their flashing eyes, lissome figures and dainty feet, and where maidens had no ambition beyond that of listening to the impassioned love songs of handsome brigands and dauntless toreadors. "Alas!" these sentimentalists will say, "Can it be true that women will prefer voting to playing the rôle of 'Carmen' in everyday life?"

Judging from all outward appearances, it certainly does look as though Spain had banished Romance from her precincts, from this special point of view, for many women have succumbed to the wish or the necessity of taking part in the struggle for existence which they had been led to believe was man's patrimony alone.

It is interesting to observe that in the field of feminine independence, as in every other phase of national development, Spain has not followed the example of other countries but has kept faithful to the traditional methods of evolution which have differentiated her growth from that of other nations. Spain in the race forward has not tried to run abreast of her competitors; she has never cared to cover the ground at the same level pace, but loved to tarry and saunter by the wayside, at times even to fall into a rut, blissfully unconscious of the winks and nudges provoked by her delay, and then suddenly to surprise her rivals by giving a

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spurt or a jump and landing ahead of many more consistent runners. Such is her system, and the reason why we see her pass, unexpectedly and with apparent ease, from ox carts and diligences to motor traction, without the need of the intermediary railway lines; from the old Roman oil and wick lamp to electric bulbs, and from mediæval customs and dances into bobbed hair and jazz.

The same thing has occurred in feminism. For centuries men kept their womenfolk apart, not only from the wear and tear of public strife but even from the usual not to say conventional association with the outer world. How else could the old saying "*La mujer con la pierna quebrada y en casa*" (For woman a broken leg and the home) have ever become a password? Under what other circumstances could the idea of giving the fair sex this only possible alternative have arisen?

Yet of a sudden those women who were supposed to keep strictly within bounds according to the national usage, broke through the excessive restraint and invaded the men's territory with a vengeance; entering into open competition with the masculine forces in colleges and universities, hospitals and law courts, literary and artistic pursuits and, just lately, taking part in municipal administration. Such a rapid onslaught naturally took the men by surprise, and whether they were too polite to refuse to share their privileges with the ladies or they thought it useless to oppose the new and forceful current, the results are one and the same; for women have initiated their economic independence and are on the eve of obtaining a satisfactory answer to their other demands. It is only fair to say that the new attitude adopted by the weaker sex has often provoked indulgent amusement but never harsh criticism from the other side.

Although quite in harmony with Spanish peculiarities, the speed with which feminism has grown and spread is really extraordinary. In fact it has taken the breath away from some of the women themselves, and one feels tempted to search for a secret propelling power capable of moving the machinery of national development at a quicker rate than it was ever made to work before. The answer to this question can be found in another Spanish idiosyncrasy: that of long nourished individual effort or ambition suddenly blossoming into a collective requirement.

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The disparity of character found among Spaniards who belong to different regions is perhaps responsible for this delay and in the case of women's enfranchisement an excuse for it may be found in the fact that Oriental influence is still strong in many provinces; eight centuries of Moorish domination having left enduring marks in the customs and opinions of the people. The faintest knowledge of Spanish history and literature, the most summary examination of the past, will however show that in Spain, as elsewhere, women have ever been conscious of their possibilities and proved their capacity whenever circumstances proved favorable to that end.

After all it was a woman, the Catholic Queen Isabella, who, setting aside convention and with a true democratic spirit, held courts of justice in the public squares of the towns she entered. It was a woman, Saint Theresa, most daring of reformers, who put an end to the abuses and scandals in the monasteries of her order. It was a woman, Catalina de Arauso, the "nun-lieutenant", who defied public opinion and, led by her adventurous spirit, visited America,—no mean feat for a woman to achieve in the Sixteenth Century,—disguised as a sailor lad or as a soldier, travelled, served in the ranks, shot down men as well as big game, gambled and drank until, moved by spiritual grace, she retired into a convent to end her days.

These and many others paved the way for present emancipation, but we should add that most of the women who in olden times obtained success in the world of politics, literature or social development were members of religious communities. The reason for this is obvious. Before the Nineteenth Century the monasteries of Spain, even more than those of other Catholic countries, were the centre of every national activity. The leisure and peace of religious life favored the growth and development of culture, to such an extent that one may count hundreds of nuns who have done some literary work, in olden times, for every laywoman who has achieved something in the same way.

Little by little, however, the convents lost their power and with it much of their attraction. Women were forced to solve their economical problem as best they might in the world, and this brought about a desire to assert their independence. The

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love of adventure, which had led the "nun-lieutenant" to cross the ocean dressed in men's clothes,—a vagary for which she obtained a special permit from His Holiness the Pope Urbanus VIII, —led other women to strive after their liberty. The first attempts were met with derision, and all through the Nineteenth Century feminism gave no serious cause for anxiety. A few individual efforts amazed the public, but were not followed up in any considerable degree, although they inspired general respect.

Before the first half of the Nineteenth Century had expired two women had efficiently helped to maintain Liberal ideals, then at their very lowest ebb in Spain. The first of these, Doña Mariana de Pineda, who was a woman of great beauty and belonged to a distinguished family, was executed for having dared to express her sympathy toward the cause and for helping those interested by embroidering a flag which it was hoped would lead the Liberals to victory. The other, Doña Concepcion Arenal, was also for many a long year looked upon with suspicion and exiled from her native town on account of her defense of liberty and what were then considered extremely advanced ideas. Fortunately she persevered in her work and helped to develop the new ideals which had been accepted by other countries. Anxious to fulfil her mission in as wide a sense as possible, Concepcion de Arenal increased her knowledge as far as she was able. She was admitted into the University under the belief that she was a man, having donned masculine attire with this object some time before. Once in possession of her degree she specialized in social questions and very soon became absorbed in prison welfare, and her methods are still in force in various European countries.

One may say that the lives of both these women were the starting point for feminism in Spain. Up to that time the education of the fair sex had been somewhat neglected, and although it was long before more women dared to enter the universities as scholars, a good many schools for girls began to adopt a broader view and to reform their curriculum. It was not however until the Twentieth Century that the woman's movement as a collective effort came into existence.

First in Madrid, and in Barcelona later, the world's news referring to feminine emancipation gave rise to heated discussion.

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The English militant suffragists were in the midst of their gigantic struggle and the Spanish papers followed the ups and downs of the fight with great interest and seriousness. In 1913, after a several days' public debate on women's rights, a little band of enlightened women formed an association for the defense of these principles and all problems connected with them, primarily of course the obtaining of suffrage. This was the first step in organized feminism made in Spain. It was soon followed up by others. In most of the large Spanish towns either suffrage associations were formed or the organizations already in existence for the protection of women's work and the forwarding of other social problems incorporated the demand for the vote in their programme. Men of high standing seconded the movement, and the European war with its upheaval of traditional customs and the enforcement of feminine labor in every possible capacity helped the new ideas. The fear of being left economically dependent in the new and difficult world, which was expected to arise out of the general commotion, pushed girls by hundreds into colleges and universities, and soon it was no longer considered a novelty for a woman to have a degree or to study a profession.

Farsighted people interested in the movement were however far from satisfied, and the inequality of the sexes still prevailed before the law. The first congress held after the war by the International Suffrage Alliance saw Spain incorporated in the world movement. Five years later, at the Paris Congress, she was able to boast of being the first Latin country where women had been granted the right to vote and to be elected to public representation with no other restrictions than those imposed by the national laws.

Woman's position today in Spain may be thus summed up: As regards educational and professional rights she is on a par with men, no field having been closed to her excepting the military, naval and diplomatic services.

In political rights she has lately been granted the same that are extended to men, except in the case of marriage which legally makes her dependent on her husband and bound to his wishes. Unmarried or divorced women—the former if of age—as well as widows, may vote and be elected to office since the advent of the

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new political régime, and in fact several ladies are at present occupying public posts as mayors, municipal councillors and representatives in the National Assembly.

The situation of the married woman is made harder by contrast, for not only is she deprived of such rights of citizenship but also is prevented by law from working, opening a banking account in her own name, or absenting herself from home without her husband's consent. Women adopt their husbands' names and nationality, and mothers have no control over their children unless they become widows or, in the case of unmarried women, when the children have not been recognized legally by the father.

Divorce does not exist in Spain, but a separation may be obtained if the woman is able to prove that she has been ill treated or abandoned. In olden times, and even now in remote villages, marriage in Spain was a real bondage for women. Traditional customs, at times, obliged her to cut her hair—not in a becoming bob—and keep strictly to the house except on Sundays, when she was allowed to go to Mass. At present, however, married women generally are in a similar position to what is usual in other European countries.

The woman's movement nowadays has many enthusiastic supporters, principally among Conservative groups, as it is hoped that the granting of political rights to them will favor reactionary methods. The same idea makes progressive people afraid of feminine emancipation, although theoretically they are of course absolutely in sympathy. Women of the aristocracy are not, as a rule, interested in the cause.

The right of suffrage has been granted in Spain almost without a struggle, a fact which is not altogether fortunate, since it prevents women from realizing why they want the vote and from studying the problems they are called upon to solve. On the other hand, there are so many things still to be gained for the movement that it is as well that feminism should have some sort of arms with which to defend and strengthen its arguments. Meantime the women who lead the different groups are striving to direct the ideals of one and all towards a higher moral standing and the finest form of culture.

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NEWSPAPER PARALYSIS

BY GEORGE H. SPARGO

NEWSPAPER cannibalism or Malthusianism, Mr. John Hunter Sedgwick calls it. Newspaper mass production and stabilization, superimposing of professional effort upon a sound business foundation, is Mr. Roy W. Howard's defense. Newspaper paralysis—that is my conception of chain journalism.

I, perhaps, have no right to a conception, or at least to expression of it, in the face of the expert opinions of Mr. Howard and Mr. Sedgwick. They are journalists, eminently capable and successful far beyond my fondest dreams. I, on the other hand, am a plain newspaper man, holding a fairly good editorial position at a characteristically poor salary on a representative paper of a mediocre, albeit well and favorably known, chain.

It is not for me, nor is it my intention, to dispute Mr. Howard or to champion Mr. Sedgwick's arraignment of chain journalism. To do either would be ridiculous. Rather, it is my aim humbly to beg an ear for the opinion of one man in the mill who performs but one act, however trivial or important that act may be, in the complex process of manufacturing a modern newspaper, a man who has performed that function for both individual employers and for an organization.

The independent newspaper has a soul. It is a living, breathing, thinking, though oft-times blundering, being. But it lives! Its features may be junk, "boiler plate," so much "pi" fit only for the "hellbox." Its editorials may be weak, its typography poor, its headlines out of balance, under- or overwritten. Its reporters may be cubs incapable of ever attaining any stage higher than cubhood. There is not a man on the staff, perhaps, who knows how to write a good lead paragraph, or how to write a good story even if a good lead be written for him. Its style may be antediluvian. Its columns may bristle with errors. But the independent newspaper is human. It has a heart.

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The beating of that heart pounds in the temples of every man jack on the staff, from the editor-in-chief down to the rankest cub and the copy boy. It is the heart of the man behind the paper, that is, the man who actually directs its policies and its style. He is real. He is personal. As he is, so is his paper. It IS he. Personality having thus been given to the paper, to the men on the staff, at least, "It" becomes "She".

More than that. The independently owned and controlled newspaper is the pulse of its readers. They may ridicule it, wax wroth at its blunderings and its editorials, threaten to blow up the plant and laugh at its shortcomings. But they continue to buy and to read it. They love it because it is theirs and mirrors their lives and those of their neighbors. It is a home talent production. To them, too, it is personal.

Perhaps, as Mr. Howard has pointed out in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the independent newspaper does present a far too much "undiluted reflection of the ideas, the ambitions and the prejudices of a single man" in its editorial columns. But the readers know that one man, know him as an individual and as a fellow-citizen, agree with such of his ideas as fit their own and disagree with the others, or accept them for what they are worth to themselves as another man's opinions.

On the other hand, in the case of the chain paper, the readers know the ideas and opinions expressed on the editorial pages to be those, and only those, of or sanctioned by the corporation or its hireling. Oft-times they are not accepted at their full value even by the individual reader who in his heart agrees with them. He fears and distrusts that corporation as he fears and distrusts the gas company, the street railroad corporation or the telephone company. It is cold, too big a thing to be easily understood, too powerful a thing to be trusted. It is just a "thing", a monster, a system.

So it is with the corporation-owned chain newspaper—for the newspaper is the corporation. It is accepted for the service it brings in the way of news and features, and there its welcome ends. It is tolerated and its service is bought in the same spirit as that in which the gas company and its service are tolerated and bought.

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The one man controlled chain newspaper meets a similar reception, because it is the voice of a "foreigner", a man from outside—and the man from outside invariably and universally is the object of a certain mistrust and suspicion.

If the independent newspaper expresses ideas which are distasteful to too many of its readers; if, as Mr. Howard puts it, it is edited by "demagogues seeking to influence public opinion and stampede mass action for their own aggrandizement"; if it is willing to prostitute itself to "certain vested interests and public exploiters", its readers soon find it out and rebel. They can hate as strongly as they can love. And when they hate, such a paper generally sells out. It is doomed to die or at best to hobble along on rickety legs, a fizzle.

When these faults are true of the chain newspaper, unfortunately such remedy of the trouble does not tend to follow. It is rare indeed that a chain newspaper is greatly affected by public hatred, any more than is the gas company. One reason for this is that generally the chain paper has a monopoly in its particular field. Another reason is the corporation itself. Consequently its readers are beaten into submission by sheer force of the impersonal, *un-human* system. It is tolerated because it has to be and, perhaps, because it can give its readers a bit more for their money.

With the business aspect of chain journalism we are not here concerned. All the economic benefits of mass production and corporation system that accrue from chain control are admitted without reserve. We are here concerned only with the human side.

It has been my experience, and that of scores of men with whom I have worked on both chain and what I choose to call "personal" papers, that the rank and file workers on the average chain newspaper are distinctly inferior to those on the average independent sheet. This has been so because of several reasons, chief among which is, of course, the money problem. Workers on the average chain paper, I have found, are almost invariably paid less than those in similar positions on "personal" papers of the same size. Seldom, if ever, is this the fault of the editor of the particular paper. He is held to a certain budget, beyond

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which he may not go without personal censure. He cannot, therefore, offer salaries high enough to attract good men, or to keep them on his staff for long should he be fortunate enough to hire them. He may—no doubt he does—fully recognize the capabilities of So-and-So and want to pay him according to his real worth to the paper. But that budget is in the way. Also, his paper must help carry along the weaker sisters of the chain.

By the "good" man I do not mean the occasional exceptionally brilliant writer whose stories carry "by-lines" and whose name is known to every reader. He frequently is hired by the chain as a whole, his stuff syndicated and his salary pro-rated among the member papers of the group. I refer, rather, only to local staff members, responsible for the paper's city pages and, therefore, its appeal, or lack of appeal, to the citizens of its own particular parish.

In the case of the average independent paper, on the other hand, there are generally no such inflexible restrictions. Usually the managing editor is empowered to grant a capable man a salary more nearly commensurate with his ability and his worth. He is able to offer such a man enough money to hire him and to increase his salary sufficiently to hold him. Inferior men can thus be weeded out and replaced by more capable workers. As a consequence his staff is, on the average, far superior to the staffs of his chain contemporaries, and his local news service much better from every point of view. The average story is better written and the tone of the whole paper is improved. The language and grammar of its stories, deplorable enough in the best of newspapers, are more accurate, the reports more complete and more interesting, the headlines in better taste and balance, and the whole layout more appealing to the discriminating reader than in the case of the average chain paper. By average, incidentally, I mean the paying daily of the twenty to fifty or sixty thousand circulation class.

I am not so sure that the chain paper can claim much more in the way of service or features than can the "personal" journal of its class. The same great news-gathering agencies are at the disposal of the independent paper—the Associated Press, the United Press, the Consolidated Press, and hosts of others, em-

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ploying the best writers in the profession. Syndicates by the hundred offer the independent paper every conceivable sort of feature service. Costs are rated entirely on circulation, whether for chain or independent papers. The independent sheet, therefore, pays no more for the same service than does the chain paper of the same size.

Some of the larger groups, it is true, have their own exclusive news and feature services. None of these, in my experience at least, can outdo or for that matter even equal any of the high class services available to the independent paper, either in quality, quantity or diversity of subjects covered. Many are distinctly inferior.

As far as the average worker on the staff of the chain paper is concerned, my personal experience has been—and I know this to have been the experience of many others, both on the chain paper by which I am employed and on similar papers in this and other chains—that he is dissatisfied (true, newspaper men always *are* dissatisfied), is interested in his work only as a means of livelihood, and complains bitterly of the "system" or the corporation. He turns out less work than previously he has done for independent papers, and such work as he does turn out tends to be inferior.

The worker may or may not be conscious of this situation. Probably he is and wonders why it is so. He does not intentionally lower his output or the quality of his work. In his effort to find out just why he is slipping and losing interest he blames the profession. Perhaps he quits newspaper work entirely. More often he slides into the rut of mediocrity.

The reasons for this are many but they are simple. Every newspaper man hopes some day to hold a responsible executive position. If he is employed on the average "personal" paper he knows, or has every reason to believe, that when a vacancy higher up occurs he may be considered for the position. Whether or not he is considered depends entirely upon himself and upon his own ability. If he is not appointed, he feels that his own shortcomings are responsible. He knows that editors of independent papers, familiar with their men and knowing them to be familiar with their policies, pick men for promotion from their staffs whenever it is possible to do so.

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Promotions on chain papers, on the other hand, generally come through shakeups. That means that elevation to executive position takes place only in executive ranks—i.e., the head of a smaller paper is placed in charge of one a bit larger, and so on. Of course there is the chance that the individual worker may some day be promoted to be head of one of the smaller papers—but how remote that chance is when there are several hundred men to be considered! Naturally, then, the average chain paper staff member feels that his chances for advancement are slim and that his work is not appreciated. His ambition is thwarted. He feels that no matter how hard he works, or how faithfully, he will rise little above his own particular job. It is an unhealthy state of mind for any man in any profession. The paper, directed by the agents of the cold, impersonal corporation, has not the heart or the soul of the independent sheet. It is just a neuter thing, inanimate, un-human. It is the corporation. The worker's interest in it lags.

That means purely mechanical work—mediocrity. Interest in the profession itself is destroyed and the position becomes mere drudgery. Perhaps the disillusioned worker has a wife and children. That means he is not free to go elsewhere. He is forced to remain in a position he not only dislikes but gradually grows to hate. His nose is held to the grindstone by what to him is sheer adversity of the most hapless kind. He cannot put his best efforts into his work and cares little whether he does or not. His work not only does not improve or maintain its previous standard, but actually becomes inferior. He stagnates, mentally and spiritually. The paper suffers accordingly, for he, in the last analysis, is the one who makes it. He is paralyzed—by chain journalism. So is the newspaper.

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CHANGING FASHIONS IN ROMANCE

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

If you go to the old church at Dorchester, not Thomas Hardy's Dorchester but the one near Oxford, you will find an Eighteenth Century inscription to a lady who died a martyr to excessive sensibility. Ladies do not die of sensibility any longer in Dorchester or anywhere else. They may have nervous breakdowns because they have nothing to do or because they are bored by their husbands, but the bureau of statistics contains no single record of death due to sensibility. The very word has an old-fashioned flavor suggestive of the vapors and tight lacing. There is no question that sensibility like fainting has gone out.

Explain it any way you like. We have a keener sense of humor than our ancestors or we are more hard-boiled, more brazen they would have called it, but at any rate we can't be frightened and we can't be shocked. Go to the theatre and watch the pathetic attempts of the playwrights to terrify us. With all the ingenious modern stagecraft at his disposal, including the unlimited possibilities of electricity, the Broadway producer has lost the art of making our hair stand on end. Try as he may, he cannot make us blench. Every season sees a plentiful crop of mystery plays, but when the lights go out, and the detective dives through the grandfather clock, and nothing can be heard but the death rattle of the inoffensive butler, the audience does not cower. Much more likely it guffaws with laughter. Twenty years ago Richard Mansfield was playing *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and when the green light was turned on him and he clawed his way across the stage, everyone in the audience, old and young, shuddered with fright, and they were not ashamed of it. If Mansfield could be resuscitated, what would the new generation of playgoers think of his Mr. Hyde? Probably they would be interested in the lighting effects, but except for that they would not, to use their own phrase, bat an eye.

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The flapper and the boy in the coonskin coat are not alone in their inaccessibility to emotion. Romance is everywhere at a discount. The love of the strange, the quest of the unattainable, the passion for the past and the yearning for the future, what do these familiar phrases mean to us today? The old power of incantation, which they once unquestionably possessed, is exhausted. Perhaps the War killed romance. Thousands of men hailed it as a God-given means of escape from a life of deadening monotony, and instead it turned out to be more sordid and more monotonous than anything they had known at home. No wonder that when the Great Adventure was over, the men who came back were disgusted with the Happy Warrior conception of a soldier's psychology. How dared Wordsworth write such a poem, and how dared the world accept it as anything but the crazy fantasy of a man who stayed at home? Naturally, they were determined to strip off the veil of romance from war and from every other form of human activity as well.

It is easy to blame the years 1914–1918 for everything, but as a matter of fact war does not necessarily embitter a whole generation. The young men who grew up in the shadow of the Napoleonic legend may have assumed a disdain for the copy-book virtues, but whatever their faults the young Hugos, Mussets and Theophile Gautiers were certainly not emotionally bankrupt. Brutal scepticism was not the password of youth in 1830, even though Liberty, Fraternity and Equality were in a worse plight then than Democracy is today. After twenty years of fighting, the ideals of the French Revolution were apparently snuffed out on the field of Waterloo, and yet as far as we know there was no wholesale condemnation of the fervor by which these ideals had been inspired. Men went on loving and dreaming and hoping just as they had before. The trouble with our literature, as compared with that of the French Romantics, is that the old men do not see visions and the young men do not dream dreams.

In America it has always been the engineers and the business men who have been the dreamers, rather than the poets and the men of letters. The country is positively reeking with sentiment, but the sentiment does not find its way into literature. The public speaker, if he knows his trade, can always get an emotional

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response, but the author, however deft he may be with his pen, labors under a perpetual disadvantage. The printed word has become so common that it simply does not register. At college many an undergraduate munches his way through the whole menu of English literature, from Chaucer to Masefield, without his pulse ever quickening, but the fraternity initiation, which is after all a pretty obvious piece of pseudo-romantic machinery, stirs the deepest part of his nature. In the same way the most hardened Babbitt sublimates his unconscious yearnings for romance by becoming an Elk or a Shriner. Give him a book and he will be utterly helpless, for he has no capacity for living vicariously. Nevertheless, in one form or another his nature craves mystery and exclusiveness, and the craving will not be denied. "Something there is within me," says Robert Frost, "which does not like a wall; " and superficially that does seem to be one of the obvious differences between Americans and Europeans. Foreigners are constantly bewildered by our gregariousness and by that amazing spirit of hospitality which precludes privacy. The absence of hedgerows and garden walls is one of the distinguishing features of the New England landscape, which in other ways so often recalls the Old Country. Yet it is doubtful whether this apparent indifference to privacy is really an inherently American characteristic. As soon as he acquires the means the American is just as anxious to buy privacy as the European, but privacy happens to be a very expensive luxury in America, whereas in Europe it is still within reach of the modest purse.

It is this instinct for privacy and romance which in the long run will silence the clamor for companionate marriage. This ultra-rational solution of matrimony runs counter to sentiment, which is always the determining factor in our social as well as our political problems. No one, least of all people who are in love with each other, wishes to have something that is intimate and romantic transformed into a public problem in sociology. Lovers expect to be taken seriously, and it is no good trying to treat them like high-spirited children who have promised to be good. Marriage for most people is the supremely important moment of their lives, and when Judge Lindsey tells the bride and groom that the step they are taking is not necessarily final, he

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belittles them in their own eyes as well as in the eyes of their friends.

It may be that the remedy for divorce is not companionate marriage but a greater respect for privacy. Many a couple who have got hopelessly on each other's nerves in a two-room apartment might still be living happily ever afterwards, if only the kitchenette had been a little bigger. It is all very well for the poet or the philosopher to retire into some close corner of his brain, but the average mortal, man or woman, requires something more than an austerely intellectual sanctuary. The modern small apartment in which every cubic foot of space is carefully husbanded puts too high a premium upon neatness. Once the man starts leaving his pipe in the bathroom the game is up. They must separate; eventually his sloppiness and her nagging will make life at such close quarters intolerable. Of course it does not necessarily follow that the bigger the house the less chance there is of divorce. Marble halls are no more immune from marital disaster than squalid tenements. Romance requires intimacy fully as much as privacy, and intimacy is apt to fade away when the various members of a family are so rich that they can afford to ignore each other.

Absorption in oneself is another of the commonest symptoms of romance. The great romantic poets like Byron and Shelley have always been sublimely egotistic; they could never conceive of any hero but themselves. As a nation we are going through a similar process of introspection. For the first hundred years of our independent existence every man of cultivation and refinement gazed longingly towards Europe, but now we are profiting by Sir Philip Sidney's advice: "'Fool', said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write.'"

Preoccupation with self does not entirely explain the elusive spirit romance, but the element of self-confidence amounting sometimes to jingoism is an undeniable factor. Romance is a Protean thing that refuses to be caught and systematically dissected. It changes its form in every age and in every country. In Europe it has always fled from the touch of trade and business; here in America it thrives more vigorously in Wall Street than anywhere else. It used to be that the man who began life as a

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newsboy with a capital of ten cents, and died a multi-millionaire, was held up to aspiring youth as a model of democracy. People would refer to his career as extraordinarily romantic, but times have changed and the mere amassing of a great fortune is not enough. The romance of initiative culminating in fantastic wealth has given way to the romance of philanthropy. We are no longer interested in the mere fact of a great fortune, we want to know what people do with the money when they have got it. So powerful is philanthropy that it has ousted initiative from its pedestal, and even given birth to a new profession. The modern philanthropist is known by his *Fidus Achates*, a practical business man, who tells him how to give his money away. This scientific humanitarianism may seem oppressively practical, but surely it is more romantic, more fascinating to the imagination, than the old spirit of haphazard largesse that it has displaced.

These two elements in romance, the deification of one's self and the conscious feeling of obligation toward mankind in general, are constantly at war with each other. Hence the hopeless struggle to enforce Prohibition. Looked at from one point of view, the idea of Prohibition is positively inspiring. No individual, no nation, has ever dreamed of such a sweeping self-denying ordinance as the Volstead Act. It is the most gallantly Utopian legislation ever enacted. Don Quixote tilting at windmills becomes a hard-headed realist compared to the Anti-Saloon League battling with the giant Moderation. That is what endears Mr. Volstead to the romantic. To curb drunkenness is the common sense duty of any legislature, but to cast the flat footed virtue of common sense to the winds, to revolutionize human nature by one stroke of the pen, to ram a doctrine of pure asceticism down the gullet of the most self-indulgent people in the world, that is truly magnificent. *C'est magnifique*, indeed, *mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. That is not the way human nature is reformed. For a moment we were spellbound, and then we went back to our evil ways. In vain did Bryan shout to us that the choice was between the sanctity of the home, and light wines and beer. After only momentary hesitation we regretfully summoned the bootlegger and decided to take a chance on the sanctity of the home.

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There is only one road to the enforcement of Prohibition, and our legislators are too timid to take it. Having made our rash vow we must burn our bridges behind us. We must accept the fact that the world cannot endure half wet and half dry, any more than this country could endure half slave and half free. We must build a chain of forts along the Canadian frontier, we must establish an international system of espionage, and we must ruthlessly exercise the right of search at sea. Of course that means war, but what a sublime war it will be! No question of annexing colonies, or developing spheres of influence, or buying oil concessions; nothing at stake but the sacred issue of compulsory abstinence.

That is the way to treat Prohibition, as a glorious excursion into Utopia. As long as the two parties content themselves with declaiming upon the sacred duty of enforcing the law, we shall continue to flout it with an easy conscience. Let them call for a preliminary appropriation of five hundred million dollars and embark upon the great adventure of drying up the world. Prohibition as a humanitarian crusade has infinite possibilities, but as an ostensibly sober piece of legislation it lends itself too easily to ridicule.

If, as we maintain, the effort to legislate moderation out of existence is nothing but a gorgeous piece of romantic folly, it naturally would collapse at the first pin-prick of satire. Children, dogs, and prohibition, cannot stand being laughed at. Of course they can't; they appeal to our emotions and most of us take our emotions seriously. Humor is cleansing, but it is also destructive, and never more destructive than when it comes face to face with romance. The laborious sincerity of the post-war novelist has not been nearly as effective in exploding the theory of military glory as Falstaff was in that one pitiless speech on honor. He punctured romance with a single thrust of his wit, while the novelist to achieve the same effect expounds his disillusionment through one tedious chapter after another. Of course there is another type of humor that goes hand in hand with sentiment. Dickens is an obvious example, but even Dickens usually lets us know when to laugh and when to cry. Certainly the great masters of the comic spirit, Molière, Swift and Mark Twain, are all on the

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side of reality, fighting against sentiment and romance. They emphasize the world as it is, not as it might be. Molière's bourgeois gentleman is made ridiculous because of his cultural aspirations; the Connecticut Yankee is glorified because of his shrewd common sense. Each in his own way illustrates the close relationship between a sense of humor and a sense of proportion, which in itself explains why fanatics and reformers are inevitably non-humorous persons.

The humorist is never the man to lead a forlorn hope unless he can adopt for the moment the blinkers of the fanatic. His capacity for action is always being paralyzed by his awkward perception of the other side. Meredith may have overstated the case when he insisted that the Comic Muse could not thrive outside of a drawing room, but it is certainly true that the humorist is not wanted in the forest primæval. The poet and the novelist invariably preceded him. Only when the wilderness has been cleared and the settler's immediate wants have been satisfied can the humorist begin to exercise his civilizing influence. We can test the fact by our own history. In spite of a cherished conviction that humor is a peculiarly national trait, there was no American humor worthy of the name until the middle of the last century. Artemus Ward had his predecessors, no doubt, but nobody remembers who they were or what they wrote. A nation must be conscious of its achievements and its ideals before the humorist can expose its follies.

If America is a more interesting country today than it ever has been before, it is because we are developing a capacity for self-criticism without losing any of the *élan* which has made us a World Power. Hitherto romance has always been uppermost; now romance is dividing the field with humor. No other nation is at once so sentimental and so hard-boiled. How bewildered the poor Mexicans must be by those two excellent diplomats, Lindbergh and Will Rogers. Just as they grasp the significance of our home-spun Galahad, they are confronted by the shattering satire of our cow-boy Mephistopheles. Wherever we go these two extremes are always in evidence. We have an ideal about American womanhood which would do credit to the heroine of any Victorian novelist. The pundits of the advertising business, who are sup-

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posed to know more about national psychology than any group of college professors, have not yet dared to display an American girl smoking a cigarette. They content themselves with a conventional vision of loveliness, and only in a discreet corner of the poster are we reminded that it is just possible that the vision is earthly enough to crave tobacco. Romance refuses to surrender the charming fiction of maidenly reserve, but the maiden herself has no such compunctions. She insists upon seeing life steadily and seeing it whole, which necessarily involves climbing down off the pedestal and mixing with the crowd in the market place. As a matter of fact the American girl gets precisely the degree of reverence that she wants. You can not eat your cake and have it at the same time. If you insist upon drinking life to the lees, upon knowing everybody and everything, you must give up the idea of being a *princesse lointaine*. Force of habit compels us to idealize the whole sex, but the individual has long since grown weary of this exaggerated respect. The passion for naturalness, which is always at war with romance, has effectively dispelled the haze of mystery that still envelops the women of Latin countries.

The question is, what have we lost and what have we gained in the course of this struggle between realism and romance? Obviously we have lost the capacity for vicarious excitement. It is no good telling the modern man or woman that intellectual adventures are the most exciting. Even if they would, they can not accept such a point of view. Unluckily for them, they will never know what it was to gallop down the Calais road with D'Artagnan, or even to settle back in a hansom cab with Sherlock Holmes. They are so acutely sensitive to the ridiculous, so morbidly aware of bunk, that if we would stir their feelings we must learn to walk as delicately as Agag. But when romance has passed through the fiery ordeal of humor, as it occasionally does, what a tremendously genuine thing it becomes! It is this dangerous process which makes the Twentieth Century so intensely interesting. All of the old standards, of morality and conduct and patriotism, are being examined anew, and unless they can stand the double test of idealism and common sense we refuse to submit to their dominion.

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DYING AT THE TOP?

BY WILLIAM W. GREGG

I

A RECENT religious survey of the City of St. Louis reveals that for every four living churches there is one dead church. A more recent survey of Springfield, Mass., gives Protestantism there only "a fighting chance". In another large city less than twenty-four per cent. of all the churches of a single denomination are supported from living sources. The Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy embitters religious conventions and has spread to the foreign mission field. Many teachers and ministers are under suspicion as not being doctrinally "sound". Rumors of heresy trials and church "splits" are in the air. The Presbyterians have appointed a notable committee "to study the causes of unrest within the denomination", while the eminent Episcopalians who are sponsoring the "Bishops' Crusade" describe their church "as idle as a painted picture". Dr. Stelzle, after conducting an extensive religious questionnaire, concludes that "the Church as a whole has lost its grip upon a very large percentage of its members", and Dr. Carroll in his report to the Inter-Church Conference describes as "alarming" the waning membership in Protestant communions. The Men's Church League announces that "over thirty-two per cent. of the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist churches of the United States failed to add a single convert in 1927". Dr. Fosdick says: "Religion in the United States is in a badly muddled state."

In brief, if the watchman on the walls of modern Zion be not stone blind and deaf, he must now hesitate long before crying "All's well!"

The situation presents contradictory features. Along with increasing totals in denominational membership and property are numerous instances not only of "unrest", but also of religious stagnation and declining influence where once were strong and

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united churches. Nor are the decadent churches confined to the rural districts which have lost population. For, notwithstanding famous preachers and costly edifices and elaborate equipment for both religious and community service work, all supported by huge annual budgets largely raised, however, from a few wealthy members or old endowments, there seems little doubt that Protestant metropolitan churches, with some notable exceptions, now occupy a relatively less influential position than formerly. Certainly their total active membership is under-representative of the normally Protestant populations, both as compared with the same parishes in the past and with parishes in cities and communities where church going is still popular.

This decline is, of course, due in part to the fact that most of the great urban populations are now predominantly foreign and non-Protestant. Some of our largest cities show populations from eighty to ninety per cent. either foreign born or with one or both parents foreign born. But the influx of alien stocks does not explain all the decline.

II

It is a well-recognized human phenomenon that "the best stock is relatively sterile". As Professor McDougall says, there is a tendency "for the population to be renewed in each generation from the mentally inferior elements". Another scientist declares: "The Harvard graduate has on the average seven-tenths of a son, the Vassar graduate one-half a daughter". If college graduates constitute in general our best social group, it must follow, as eugenists claim, that the best part of the population fails to reproduce itself. In other words, our much vaunted civilization is dying at the top.

Taking, now, the various religious bodies and grouping them according to the cultural and intellectual standards of their members, it will be found that the growth of each organization parallels the average reproduction quotas of its membership. For just as the college bred group does not reproduce itself and is kept from dying out in time solely by additions from without, similarly the church or denomination that is of the intellectual type, and so appeals most strongly to this group, will usually be found either

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waning in influence or not progressing with the same proportionate rate of growth as is shown by the church or denomination of the more emotional type, which makes its most successful appeal to others than the college bred.

By college bred is meant the typical graduate; that is, in view of the total group make-up, a graduate of one of the larger colleges or universities, and not of the small denominational institution, founded, perhaps, for theological propagandism or because of the dissatisfaction of some religious sect with the influence or teaching of the older colleges. Graduates of large or non-sectarian institutions have always been hard to keep within orthodox fences. The distinction taken between holders of the same degree from different colleges is important. Although, for instance, some college graduates actively supported the Tennessee anti-evolution law and the Scopes prosecution, it is doubtful if any of them hold A.B.'s or higher degrees from any large, first rank institution.

In all religious organizations there is an element, more or less divergent from the group standard, that may be termed relatively liberal or advanced. Similarly the organization itself may be so termed, or the reverse, according to the strength of this element. Unfortunately, exact data on the annual growth of individual liberal and conservative churches are unobtainable. Churches are not so classified for statistical purposes, nor can they be. All published data are for the different denominations as such, but churches of the same denomination may show wide divergences both of faith and practice. Church organizations of the same sect in different localities, or under different leaders, or at different periods, may appeal to widely different types of individuals. Then, too, there is often far less divergence of aims and beliefs between churches and clergy of different denominations than between those of the same denomination. Dr. Fosdick is acclaimed a great religious leader by the Modernists of both the Baptist and Presbyterian churches. To the Fundamentalists of these same denominations he is anathema. "Billy" Sunday brands him an "infidel".

Such data, however, as are available confirm the common belief that most of the so-called liberal, or advanced, or Modernist

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churches, whose appeal is chiefly intellectual and to the highly educated, are losing ground or barely holding their own as compared with churches where the appeal is more to the emotions. As there is obviously no falling off, but rather an increase in the numbers of the intellectuals, if the liberal church is losing ground the reason must be that it is being gradually deserted by the very class which formerly supported it and which, one might suppose, would naturally support it now.

III

As every social or political movement has its "lunatic fringe", so every church has its agnostic fringe; that is, nominal adherents and often contributors, loosely classified as indifferent, who are not fully "sold" intellectually on their organization, and whose allegiance for this reason falls short of whole-hearted devotion to its belief and doctrine. The strength of this fringe varies widely. Possibly some primitive or well disciplined religious groups may claim a one hundred per cent. loyalty from every member, but most churches carry on their rolls many who are members in name only.

This fringe is especially in evidence in the liberal churches. Independence of thought is hard to bound. When once the orthodoxy of the past has been abandoned, there is no limit to the range of private judgment that may make one disaffected even with an organization that takes pride in its liberality. In the orthodox churches lines are drawn hard and fast. One is in the fold or out of it, a sheep or a goat, is saved or lost, as determined by well defined tests of creed or practice. There is no middle ground. But the "new theology" has a twilight zone for all problems of right and wrong, of belief and unbelief, of salvation and perdition. Eschatology gives way to sociology; soul-saving to social service. No longer a strenuous earthly soul-pilgrimage to a definite other-world objective, life here becomes for advanced Modernists merely "the great adventure". Regarding the life hereafter, their attitude may fairly be summarized as "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."

In the liberal church the historic creeds, liturgies and hymns,

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although meticulously retained and in constant use, become symbolic and nebulous. They do not mean what they say, or at least what they once said to believers. Liberal churchmen defend the practice of mental reservations. They refuse to be bound by the plain wordings of the ancient confessions and demand the right, under the plea of private judgment as to nonessentials, to reject all parts which do not meet with their approval. The old question, "What is the Constitution between friends?" finds its up-to-date ecclesiastical counterpart in "What is a creed between Modernists?"

Certain primitive types of Christianity, as of Judaism, appeal to only the poor and ignorant. Many other types offer at best small attraction to the educated and well-to-do. Take, for example, any religious sect that flourishes in primitive or backward communities, and let one of its members become wealthy. He, and possibly his family, will continue in attendance as before if old associations are strong. But what of the next generation? With a different financial and cultural background, his children as they reach maturity will lose interest in the old church, and if they are connected with any church it will usually be with one of a broader type. As has been observed: "When a Protestant gets into the surtax class, he is apt to acquire an interest in Apostolic Succession."

The economic and social progress of many a family is reflected in its changes of church or synagogue affiliation, sometimes in a single generation but especially over two or three generations.

IV

Although Evangelical churches of the stricter type seek converts primarily among the unchurched masses by means of missions, revivals and evangelistic campaigns, few such appeals are made by the Modernist church. Its accessions come largely from those who already have church connections. Here lie both its strength and its weakness. If a church cannot keep up its membership from its own constituency and from non-churchgoers, but must draw on other churches for new members, it is to that extent a parasite. And this irrespective of whether it offers

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a higher or lower form of religion than that of the churches from which it draws. Hence their complaint that the liberal church would better justify its existence by gaining its new members from the unchurched upper or college bred classes than by drawing on orthodox congregations.

This complaint goes to the root of the whole matter. Does, or can, organized Christianity, Catholic or Protestant, in any form appeal to our intelligentsia, even to the extent that orthodox religion now appeals to the masses? The man on the street, however remiss himself in religious practices, will usually admit belief in some form of religion. But what about students, scientists and thinkers in general, especially the more distinguished? Do they have any religion at all, properly so-called? The statistics published by Professor Leuba are significant, as is also the fact that most of our colleges no longer offer courses in religion that are at all comparable in intellectual appeal to the old "Evidences of Christianity". Modern curricula no longer include the Christian metaphysics of McCosh, Hopkins, Garman and many another great teacher of former generations. The noteworthy report of the Education Committee of the Harvard Student Council recognizes that "organized religion has ceased to command the allegiance of a large number of students", and urges a course in the "Philosophy of Christianity".

It seems reasonable to expect that as society at large, or a particular group, advances in wealth and especially in education, it will gravitate away from a crude, or orthodox, or Fundamentalist type of Christianity, to a more intellectual or liberal type. Ph.D.'s are presumably rare among the Amish Mennonites or Two-Seed-In-The-Spirit Baptists. Must it also be expected that ultimately the most cultured and best educated will in turn drift away from liberalism, or Modernism, into a non-Christian religion, or else will abandon religion entirely for some cult of philosophy or ethics?

Frankly, to use the vernacular of the day: Unless organized or institutional Christianity is to be confined to the lowbrow and mezzobrow, some type of church must make good with the highbrow, and that soon. Apparently orthodoxy has failed. Can the Modernist church succeed?

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THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Founder

In the summer of 1903, Francis W. Kelsey, General Secretary (and later the vivid President) of the Archæological Institute of America, asked me to found a Society of the Institute in Los Angeles. They had been unable to make one endure west of Wisconsin. I had been an unprofitable student of Art in Harvard under Charles Eliot Norton, the father and founder of the Institute. I had been a disciple, companion and younger brother of Bandelier, who gave the Institute the most important volumes it ever published—the very fundament of all scientific study of our Southwest and Mexico—and received sixty dollars a month for only a few years before he was cut off.

So I said to this magnificent Crusader in Science: "You folks back East had grandfathers. We hadn't. We have to build our own towns, sewers, car lines, libraries, museums, jails, schools. You could probably dig up fifty people here who would pay ten dollars a year each to help your classical studies in Greece and Rome, but I am too busy. You have been going twenty-four years and have a dozen societies. You haven't a museum nor even a museum case. You have 'added to human knowledge'—but nobody knows it! We need here a Museum of the Story of Man; and if Los Angeles could serve Science and the World in this way, under your hallmark, with intelligent benefit and credit to its own people—we would astonish you. I certainly will not attempt a museum on any Chamber of Commerce plan —nor yet on the lines of a Latin Professor."

"Precisely what we want," said Mr. Kelsey. "We want to Americanize the old Archæological Institute of America."

The Southwest Society A. I. A. was founded on that agreement, November 30, 1903, and chartered in May, 1904; at one year old was third in membership in the Institute; at two years, first;

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at three years, by more than fifty per cent. larger than any other of the twenty societies, and with nearly one-fifth of the total membership of the Institute; at four years it had 360 annual members as against 194 for the twenty-nine year old parent Boston Society, 181 for the twenty-four year old New York Society; 139 for Washington, 132 for St. Louis, and so on; or 360 annuals out of a total of 1,936 in twenty-one societies, or nearly four times the average membership of societies averaging nearly six times its age.

The secret of this unparalleled growth, which astounded the Institute, was perfectly simple. It was merely humanizing the Science of Man, and making it a part not only of education but of civic pride and homely usefulness.

The object of the Southwest Society (not Los Angeles Society or Southern California Society, after the tags of the Eastern Branches of the Institute) was to use this scientific leverage to procure a Museum of the Southwest located in this largest city and metropolis of the Southwest.

The Society instantly raised special funds and purchased collections of Southern California Archæology of almost incomparable importance. (Eight years before, I had induced the local Chamber of Commerce to purchase the incomparable "Palmer Collection" and hold it against the day of a Southwest Museum.) We also raised funds and rented quarters at $70 a month, and bought show cases, and put these collections on free view—the first scientific Archæological exhibit in California.

For nearly twenty years I had been collecting "by ear" the Spanish and Indian folk songs of the Southwest; now, we procured an Edison Home Phonograph and went at harvesting of this most precious and most perishable crop of folk lore. Already, many of these songs rested on only the faltering memory of a few old people. Already, when I foregathered with the very people who had taught me songs in 1884, it was I who had to prompt them as to the words! But on these wax cylinders, we have recorded some 550 Spanish folk songs of the widest range; and 450 Indian songs in thirty-seven different Indian languages.

These things made the community feel that it was getting something for its Archæological memberships.

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Furthermore, while every other society in the Institute turned in to the mother treasury ninety per cent. of each $10 fee, saving ten per cent. to pay hall rent and for invitation cards to lectures by eminent scientists sent out by the Institute without pay except their expenses, the Southwest Society very promptly secured the return of an $1,800 grant for folk songs and exploration, and Arthur Farwell, one of the best fitted men in the country for this work, camped with me for three months, transcribing the Spanish songs, with frequent help from the native singers.

The public equally felt it was getting its money's worth when the Southwest Society promptly began exploration and excavations in Arizona and New Mexico. Here as it had broken the red tape of the Institute, it had to cut the red tape of the Washington bureaus. President Roosevelt gave the matter his very personal attention; and in conferences and Cabinet meetings where I had the fine companionship of Edgar L. Hewett, a power in the Institute as well as in Southwestern scholarship, Mr. Roosevelt swept aside the stupid restrictions of bureau clerks, and ordered that the regulations for scientific excavation on public lands of every sort should be according to the formula that we had very carefully drawn up.

Our excavations were extraordinarily successful; with a trifling amount of money we secured more art objects and other tangible evidence of the ancient civilizations of the Southwest than many expeditions that spend tens of thousands. All this material went to our exhibits. We had lectures on Archæology, on the folk songs, and on other germane topics. The schools were brought to be interested. It was a living thing, even in a city full of real estate activities and boom and expansion.

The Southwest Society also began publication at once; and issued in September, 1904, at less than a year old, its first *Bulletin*, with twenty-five half-tones showing the "Caballeria Collection" it had purchased, of the thirty-four paintings that had hung in the Franciscan Missions of Southern California up to the secularization of the Missions by Mexico in 1834. Most of these were interesting only because they had been the only art known in Southern California in its beginnings; but some are of genuine art value; and there is a Palomino de Castro y Velasco, *The*

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Madonna of the Ring, worth many times what the whole collection cost.

The second *Bulletin* was issued only five months later (January, 1905), and referred to the beginnings of the Southwest Museum. It also defined the characteristic policy of this organization—"To catch our Archæology alive."

In the Southwest, more vitally than almost anywhere else on earth, we can study the ruins of ancient civilizations side by side with precisely the same culture-stage still alive; can excavate the Cliff Dweller ruins with crews of the direct descendants of the Cliff Dwellers; and with more than three hundred years of critical documentary record in the Spanish Archives for comparison. We conducted expeditions in Arizona and New Mexico independently; later, in conjunction with the School of American Research (of which I was a founder), in several localities in Mexico and in Guatemala.

To this work for Science it was easy to enlist officers and an executive committee of prominent men like the editor of the leading newspaper, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, two of the most eminent lawyers, a university president, a bank president, the Superintendent of City Schools, the leading merchants, the Catholic and Anglican Bishops, and others of this stamp.

People who could build a Parthenon could not build it down in the flat! We wanted an Acropolis. Every hill site in Los Angeles was carefully examined. Henry E. Huntington offered us the free gift of a $200,000 hill back of East Lake Park, but conceded that we were wise to decline his generous gift and pay $30,000 for a twenty-acre hill on the main artery between Los Angeles and Pasadena in the Arroyo Seco. We had rather liberally promised "the noblest site occupied by any public building of the United States". I am not at all sure that this promise was not kept. The Museum is visible to travelers for miles in each direction; commands a sweep of more than sixty miles of the Sierra Madre, nearly 10,000 feet above it, and within ten miles; and across the city to the sea, twenty-five miles away—and even to Catalina Island, twenty-five miles further yet.

The Southwest Museum was incorporated on December 31, 1907. As its first President I secured General Adna R. Chaffee,

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late Chief of Staff, U. S. A.; his outstanding record as head of the American Army in the Boxer Rebellion was still fresh in the public mind. With Sumner P. Hunt, architect, I worked out the elevations of the building—a structure some 300 feet long, in the noblest simplicity of the ancient Spanish, with a tower 125 feet high at the north end. His scale drawings followed strictly the rough drawn plans which I made while totally blind in 1911. The "Lummis Caracol Tower" (so dedicated by the Trustees, "in honor of his work as founder of the Southwest Museum") is unique. We could not afford a great tower just for looks. In all other caracol or helix staircases, the stair fills the tower—as in Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece in St. Paul's, London, with 85 steps. The Lummis Caracol is a helix in a central shaft, 9 feet square, with rooms around it 40 feet square, and as much exhibit space, wall and floor, as in all the rest of the great building. The lift is 160 steps, or almost double that of St. Paul's.

Ground was broken for the Museum on November 16, 1912, Gen. Chaffee and Elizabeth Benton Frémont turning the first shovels, and she raising—for the first time in sixty years—the historic flag her father the Pathfinder raised on the crest of the Rocky Mountains, August 15, 1842, the first American flag in the Far West. The corner stone was laid on December 6, 1913, with a brilliant concourse of notables, and the building was opened to the public a few months later.

The difficulty of access to this hill, by path and auto road, was later remedied by a tunnel and elevator coming up to the main entrance.

The fundamental installation was by Hector Alliot, curator, in wall and table cases devised by him and me.

Gen. Chaffee gallantly held over for nearly a year after the expiration of his term, to enable us to find some surgery by which the young institution might lose so notable a head without bleeding to death. I finally secured the consent of Dr. Norman Bridge, eminent physician and philanthropist, who had become prominent and wealthy through operations in Mexican petroleum; and this solved our problem. Up to his death, Dr. Bridge was a generous helper of the Museum; and in his will he left a bequest amounting to about $800,000; unfortunately consider-

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ably minimized, later, by the selfishness of kin and by depreciation of stocks, but still a rich endowment. Like every other such enterprize, the Museum was hard hit by the World War; and when we entered it, all such activities were paralyzed.

But the Museum has gone on steadily, growing sanely, if not fast. Last year it secured for Director Dr. James A. B. Scherer, the eminent educator and executive who had built Throop College into the beginnings of the California Institute of Technology, now, under Dr. Robert A. Millikan, one of the foremost "Techs" in the world. Modest exploration and excavation is being done in Arizona and New Mexico. Recently, the Museum has acquired the *Casa Adobe*, on a sightly location at its foot—a beautiful reproduction of one of the Spanish homes of Old California, where the life of that patriarchal era is embalmed for the instruction and delight of modern days.

To put a new proverb into an alien tongue is impertinent only if it fails. I think my motto for the Southwest Museum was not impertinent:

"*Mañana Flor de sus Ayeres.*"

"Tomorrow shall be the Flower of all its Yesterdays."

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MERRICK AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

BY ROSE HEYLBUT WOLLSTEIN

A RECENT review of the new novel of one of America's best known authors set out to reveal the book's utter gracelessness, its lack of inventiveness, of adequate characterization, its second-rate conventionalities, its faulty structure, its steadfastness in withholding the least show of genius or art; and concluded by saying: "Nevertheless, it has many of the elements that make for popularity." There could be no more eloquent commentary upon the position of Leonard Merrick.

For twenty-five years, Merrick has continued in the anomalous position of finding himself lauded for every eminent quality that builds the writer's craft into an art, without attaining popularity. He possesses artistry, charm, gaiety, humor, power, narrative inventiveness and fluency, and the majority of the reading public is by no means certain to which century he belongs. Yet Merrick has had the most singular "advertising" in the history of letters. The definitive edition of his works was published wholly through the efforts of his literary colleagues.

Says Sir James Barrie, in his priceless preface to *Conrad In Quest of His Youth:*

> There have been many "author's editions", but never, so far as I know, one quite like this, in which the "author" is not the writer himself, but his contemporaries, who have "engineered" the edition themselves, and fallen over each other, so to speak, in this desire to join in the honor of writing the prefaces. Such is the unique esteem in which Mr. Merrick is held by his fellow-workers.

In the nine years since the first volume of this "author's edition" came fresh from the press, Merrick's reputation has steadily grown; through the influence of popular magazines and chairs of literature alike, more people have come to know and to admire the captivating individuality of his art. And still his position is not what its merits deserve to make it.

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Sir James Barrie bears the guilt of branding Merrick the "novelists' novelist", and heavily indeed must the responsibility weigh upon his shoulders. For of all his complimentary epithets that one has grown into a synonym for the name of Merrick; and that one above all others is best qualified to lose for its holder the favor of the average public, which shuns nothing as resolutely as the advance caption of "high-brow" art. But worse by far than simply exposing Mr. Merrick to such loss, the pleasant term exposes him unjustly. "Novelists' novelist" connotes a chilly, remote, almost technical aloofness that has no application to the genial warmth, the gallant, pulsing quickness of Leonard Merrick's writing.

And so his books continue to be passed by, as thoughtlessly as the prose of Monsieur Jourdain; which is a tremendous pity, less for Merrick than for those who do the passing. For the generation of readers that has found itself since *Conrad* was hailed as "nothing *pour les jeunes filles*", that esteems Willa Cather and Eugene O'Neill, will find a wealth of vivid and personal enjoyment in the dozen-and-a-half novels of Leonard Merrick.

Merrick's lack of popular favor is the result of two causes, neither of which is in any way due to shortcomings of his work. One cause depends upon the nature of popularity, and the other, upon the nature of Leonard Merrick. "Popularity", in its first sense, means that which represents the people. The "popular" author writes of and for the majority of Average Persons, and he marshals his materials and places his angles of envisagement within the standards of general, popular appeal. When you have the rare combination of a popular author who is also a great artist, you have a Dickens or a Hugo. When you have a popular author who is no great artist, you have the father of that type of best-seller that makes its appeal through its content rather than its nobility or beauty. And when you have a great, sensitive artist who is no popular author, you have Leonard Merrick.

Merrick's every thought, his every emotion, his every spiritual quickening, is unpopular in that it does not represent that monarch of averages known as the Man in the Street. Merrick's appeal is to the mind grooved to extreme, almost exaggerated, sensitiveness; to the wistful mind that ranks delicacy before force,

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and effort ahead of achievement; to the mind, not untinged by a shade of *Schwermut*, that is permanently torn between its blazing passion for beauty, and its even more blazing hatred of the unpicturesque disenchantments of average life.

Spiritually equipped as he is to mirror the Man in the Moon rather than the Man in the Street, Merrick has made himself a fictionist who shrinks from nothing quite as vehemently as he does from the writing of fiction. He persists in writing life, and nothing short of life will satisfy him. None of your juicy morsels of sex stimulation that love to mask as "the facts of life", but the actual, dry, bitter facts as they are met, less in the boudoir than in the business of living: at the hands of hard, shrewd business men, in the offices of tricky professional men, in the stuffy parlors of the codfish *gens*.

Merrick is an inveterate truth teller, and the best of his powers both of truth and of telling are dedicated to a vivisection of the Man in the Street. Merrick paints him a pretty dull creature; heavy, slow-witted, selfish, cruel, insensitive, pompous, mentally dishonest. There you have Mrs. Barchester-Bailey of the "apocryphal hyphen", the ex-Flossie Coburg, the entire Walford clan, the girl George Heriot could not make up his mind to marry, Blanche Ellerton, Hilda Sorrenford, Leopold Moses's set, Ownie Lee, the Harpers, the relations of Chris Tatham, and almost the whole race of editors and theatrical managers of the late nineteenth century. In each case, the persons are different and individual; in each case, the ear-marks of mediocrity are identical; in each case, the portrait is flawlessly drawn. Merrick is too controlled an artist to exaggerate the least of his effects for the purpose of strengthening them, and the Man in the Street is denied even the last-laugh comfort of watching a serious portrait turn caricature through misplaced accents.

Still, the unpopular qualities of Merrick's work state but half his case. He has done far more than simply to lay bare with awful accuracy those things of the spirit that make the average man so average. If he has shown merciless truth, he has shown it through the eyes of illusion. Not the illusion of what life ought to be—Merrick is nothing less than dogmatic—but the illusion of what a high-strung, sensitive dreamer's nature had hoped to find

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life would be. And oh! the beautiful optimism of Merrick's illusions! How gallantly he persists in chancing that Beauty and Understanding must surely lie just around the corner *this* time, forgetful of the dead heap of blasted "this times" that have brought him only pain!

If he has charged head on into average dullness, he has done it to voice the crushing hurts that average dullness can deal the Artist-Soul. And this Artist-Soul—the beam-spangled being of the Moon Man who lives in terms of pulsing emotions and leapings of the spirit—has never found a more gallant champion. To such as sicken for beauty, *Cynthia*, *The Actor Manager*, and *The Position of Peggy Harper* will guarantee a soul purge more mercurial than calomel. Such as gape before the strange thing called Justice will find response in *The Worldlings* and *One Man's View*. And those for whom the World of Never Was reflects a poignant loveliness the World of Is seldom shares, can never be utterly lonely while *Conrad* and *The Quaint Companions* remain within reach.

Merrick's supreme and unequalled achievement is the revelation of the Artist-Soul free of eccentricities, free of abstract philosophizings, actually at grips with the business of adjusting itself to life without compromise. The greatest thing Merrick has done for the artist is to show him as unfreakish. Merrick's artist differs from the Man in the Street, not by his length of hair, nor by the cut of his coat, not by his oaths nor the strangeness of his demeanor; but by virtue of being more highly sensitized, more responsive, spiritually hungrier. Merrick's chief problem remains the life clash between people of congenitally different grain.

His most poignant moments are built out of the sufferings of his sensitive artist-protagonist at the hands of the Man in the Street, with that amiable denizen of the highways wholly unconscious of the pain he inflicts. Merrick shows the misunderstanding between people of different fibre to grow out of the graining of that fibre itself, and of nothing that can be "constructively" cured. Thus, at great expense to himself, he has come crashing through the Popular Convention of Artistic Temperament.

Artists have their place in popular fiction only in so far as the

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temperamental differences that make them artists serve as well to furnish vivid and "different" entertainment. Temperament has been kept as conservative as Philistinism from Murger through Maugham; its mission, to devise startling apartness from the crowd, for the crowd's edification. But barring the *Tricotrin* series of short stories, the conventionalities of Bohemia are singularly absent from Merrick's books. There is nothing the least startling in the Merrick temperament. So far from opening the way for colorful eccentricities of behavior, it keeps its owners wistful, moody, shy.

Conrad, the most beguiling of all Merrick's people, presents the lightest side of the Merrick temperament. His most serious grief is his failure to capture illusion, and his story remains the only one of its parentage in which the illusion-seeking protagonist is not brought up hard against rocky truth in the end. The fault is neither Merrick's nor life's. The book remains a fantasy instead of a disenchantment because Conrad belongs to that race of Asra that is congenitally incapable of accepting the truth. Instead, he chases his illusion from Paris, to Sweetbay, to eloquent Upper Tooting, to Ostend, to Blithepoint, and back to London, where he is just as fervidly sure that it is coming to him *this time* with the tinkle of Rosalind's cab bell. *Conrad* stands the most perfect chronicle of unthwartable temperament ever written. But it is the Moon Man's and not the Street Man's conception of temperament.

If *Conrad* is a fantasy, the other books are built of sterner stuff. The illusions of Merrick's earnest young people concerning Life and Art and the Triumph of Merit meet a fate that is crueller than that of Conrad's jauntings. An unknown young actor with twenty words to say, gesticulates off by himself in a corner of the stage at rehearsal, in the cramping hope that one of the principals may notice his enthusiasm. Royce Oliphant is willing to go without the necessities of life that his theatre may survive to serve art. Humphrey Kent's dearest hope is that his own stories may be accepted by the very journals that buy his work as Eva Dean-Pitt's "ghost." In some cases the hope comes true, in some it does not; but in no case are the facts of the outcome as important as the blithe, poignant hopefulness of Merrick's people.

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Their indomitable hopefulness does not spring from any convictions of the ultimate goodness of life. Merrick does not find life essentially good. He finds it patternless and accidental; often it is cruel, mostly it is sheerly indifferent. Hope springs from that unquenchable life-force that rests its faith in the dignity of human emotion, and struggles for adequate expression.

The chance for full expression is the most that any Merrick character asks of life; it is also the most he ever gets from it. Merrick leaves his people neither on the heights of triumph nor in the depths of despair; but at the moment where the dark cloud is beginning to lift, where life loses nothing of its struggle but much of its desperate bitterness, and where appreciation and the scope for fuller activity beckon invitingly a little way ahead. That is the happiest, the most definite ending Leonard Merrick can devise; for the problem of clashing temperaments that make life to him "a dreary or strenuous affair at best", admits of no more definite solution. Notwithstanding the fact that the Public likes definite endings, preferably happy.

Removing himself still further from the fictional requirements of the Street Man, Merrick never solves his problems through love. William Dean Howells, in his admirable study of *The Fiction of Leonard Merrick*, published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of June, 1907, wrote: "He is not in bonds of superstition concerning passion as most novelists . . . he ranks himself with the great ones in that." Without underestimating the human passions, Merrick paints them as but one in a series of forces, personal, economic, temperamental, conscientious, that weave the length of human days into the pattern of life.

He does not apportion romantic fulfillment as the basic requisite, to be taken for granted in the life of every well regulated heroine. Indeed, he is one of those uncanny people who peer behind the wedding journey, into that No Man's Land of fiction, where community of mind and congeniality of spirit reign equal with love. There you behold Kent, Tatham, Oliphant, finding fuller expression at a time where they were deprived of romantic bloom than in the company of their uncongenial mates. And though they were not happy at such a time, they were at least spiritually more tranquil. More than any other writer, Merrick

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has shown the possibility of two people's being sincerely fond of each other and agonizedly out of sympathy with each other at the same time. More than any other, he has shown readjustment to be possible only through sympathetic understanding and shared pain.

The happiest qualities of Merrick's style are its luminous clarity and its buoyant gaiety. Clarity is doubtless the cornerstone of the singular "shapeliness" of his novels that Howells commended. Merrick possesses in absolute degree what Dreiser, in like degree, lacks; the unerring, never-wavering ability to say exactly what he means, and always to couch that meaning in the most economical, the most felicitous, the most nicely fitting terms, that convey fact and mood simultaneously.

This clarity, further, is responsible for Merrick's having been termed Gallic in his writing. And, indeed, if style could be divorced from spirit, he might take rank with the Immortals themselves. But Merrick's spirit is not Gallic. If Gallicism means polish and refinement and crystal clarity, then Merrick's art is crystal holding mellow burgundy within it. Sacrificing no polish, he goes deeper than polish. Consider, for instance, Merrick's and Anatole France's treatments of the shy, wordless love of a sensitive boy for an older woman. Conrad, at seventeen, is achingly in love with Mrs. Adaile; Pierre Nozière answers the musical Madame Gance with a terrible "Oui, Monsieur!" (*Le livre de mon ami.*) Of the two, though, Merrick has gone the further.

Where France shows the familiarly amusing aspects of calf love, Merrick induces, along with the smile, a dignified pity for the anguish of the gawky young adorer. France comprehends the boy's sultry *malaise;* Merrick, his inarticulate suffering. And how significant that France unites his pair unemotionally, years later, on an equal plane of memories and rheumatism, while Merrick adroitly evades the admission of impossibility in Mrs. Adaile's hastily pencilled: "*Dreamer!* Good-bye. There is no way back to Rouen." In form alone, though, Merrick does possess the clarity of the French. He shapes a straight, continued progress towards a given end. There are no detours with him. His imperturbable artistry and his admirable restraint keep him

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true to his path where often the slightest deviation would prove as fatal as a misstep on slack-wire.

After his clarity, Merrick's native gaiety ranks among the sources of his apparently effortless effect. Paradoxically enough, his books that treat of the painful struggle for beauty and the disenchantment of life, remain among the gayest we have. Merrick's gaiety is a complex affair; a gaiety of temperament, of contrasts. It partakes of a razor-edged wit, to be matched with the keenest *esprit* that ever came out of France; a whimsical, chuckle-provoking humor; geniality as the German bestows the term, to designate that luminous by-product of genius that blends temperament, sentiment, subtle intellect, and impeccable taste; and an unexpected, almost Semitic heart-throb that tempers the most divergent passages of hope and hate in a manner not unmindful of Heine. The foundations of his art, in truth, lie near to those of Heine's, albeit he has reared upon them a brighter structure, free of sardonic tintings. Where Heine commands attention by the stun of his blows, Merrick can but induce it, by his charm. And Merrick would be quite incapable of addressing anyone as did Heine the *Schwäbische Schule* (*Testament*).

Merrick's gaiety, however, is flavored to the palate of the multitude as little as caviar. His most fertile source of fun is the spark struck out by two minds moving on widely divergent planes of intelligence. Here, for instance, is his appreciation of the bourgeoisie in a two-page argument (*Cynthia*) on whether to say "richer than we" or "richer than us". The climax is Mrs. Walford's:

> Momentarily she looked disconcerted. Then she said: "All I maintain is that 'than we' is very pedantic in ordinary conversation—very pedantic, indeed; and I shall stick to my opinion if you argue forever. 'Than us' is much more usual and more euphonious. I consider it's much more euphonious than the other. I prefer it altogether."

The three possible ways, after all, for a writing man to prove himself are, the fact of what he has to say, the means by which he says it, and the manner in which he says it; and in each of these channels of expression, Leonard Merrick manifests a bent of mind architecturally different from that of the Average Man, in whose hand lies the ultimate bestowal of popularity.

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But not alone *is* Merrick "different"; he refuses to turn his differences to profitable account for himself. He is an exceedingly fine novelist, and an exceedingly poor salesman. Understanding all there is to be known about giving himself wholesouled to his art, he has not the first, faintest inkling of "selling himself to his public". He persists in writing what he wants, and not what the Public wants. He refuses to give it the plot it expects, and the ending it likes, and the people it best understands. He accepts no compromises of fictional convention. He is even too stern in his artistry to benefit from gratifying "thrills"—consider, only, the episode between Kent and Mrs. Dean-Pitt; suddenly you *know* she has been his mistress, without so much as one throbbing scene to show all about it. Indeed, Merrick does not recognize that there is a Public, until his books are done, and jacketed in the book-sellers' windows. And then he wants it, quite as his protagonists want the money they are unwilling to sell themselves for.

And in the face of such astounding conflict—to want what one is unwilling to bargain for—the great majority of the Reading Public has really nothing left to say! So it continues saying nothing, while the minority ranks of admirers wonder, with Sir William Robertson Nichol:

> When will the public find out that Leonard Merrick is the best narrator living? The day must come.

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CHARLOUN OF PARADOU

BY WALTER R. AGARD

It was not at Paradou, as a matter of fact, that I first met Charloun Riéu, troubadour of modern Provence. He had walked up the valley to Les Baux to visit his friend, M. Bouquet. As it luckily happened, I was staying at M. Bouquet's *pension*. There I met him, and through these two, the poet and my host, came to know Provence.

A week before this I had journeyed from Arles on the narrow-gauge railway, past Fontvieille, where Daudet's mill dreams of the days when it swung lazily in the breeze, to Maussanne, *village des fêtes provençaux*. There one could see to the north, dominating the olive-silvery plain, a rugged escarped hill, crowned by a fortress against the sky. As I tramped across the sinewy countryside, over a dusty road through olive and almond groves and plots of vines, every detail was exposed with cruel clarity in the glare of the southern sun, like a Cézanne landscape in its geometric precision; but later I was to see it softened by lavender mist at dusk and made magic with silver in moonlight.

The way grew steeper as I neared the hill of gray stone, in which and upon which the ancient town of Les Baux was built. Entering the postern gate, I walked over streets hollowed out of the rock, now silent, which once echoed to retainers' footsteps and the hard beat of hoofs; past ruined doorways of houses open to the sky; and finally came to a little inhabited courtyard with postcards and pails of honey by the gate. It was the home of M. Bouquet, who himself came to greet me—an immense, gaunt, bronze-cheeked man, with a great shock of white hair, eyes of smouldering brown, and a husky voice as gentle as that of a woman. One relished the dignity of his erect figure, for he boasted of being the last of the Magi kings! When I knew him better he showed me a greeting from Mistral:

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Salut au félibre Bouquet, que descend d'ou mage Bautezar,

and brought me Mistral's epic, *Calendal*, where is recounted the old legend how a descendant of Balthazar came to Europe and settled in southern France. "Hence the cry of war of the Princes of Les Baux: '*A l'asard, Bautezar!*' ", and the blazon of a silver, sixteen-rayed star.

While I lingered after my supper of tomatoes stuffed with sausage and cooked in olive oil, and honey, tart and fragrant with the thyme and marjolaine of the mountain side, M. Bouquet sat beside me in the courtyard and talked of those ancestors of his, the Princes of Les Baux. Six hundred years ago they ruled not only the citadel and its three thousand inhabitants (where today there are fifty souls) but four-score cities, fiefs and châteaux as well, and contracted alliances with Poland and France, England and Barcelona. On the gray hill, braving their enemies and the beating blasts of the mistral, they hewed their castle out of the soft rock and built towering rooms where they held their court. "A race of eagles, never slaves," proclaimed M. Bouquet, in his sonorous, full-flavored Provençal.

Raço d'eigloun, jamai vassalo.

Eagles in very truth, who swooped down upon their prey in the valleys!

"And we must not forget the Princesses of Les Baux," he continued, quoting the lines from *Calendal:*

O princesso di Baus! Ugueto,
Sibilo, Blanco-Flour, Bausseto . . .

ladies "of exquisite body and radiant spirit, who poured forth love and joy and light; whose shadow the mirage still reflects, and whose perfume the thyme has preserved."

Cors subre-bèu, amo galoio
Dounant l'amour, largant la joio,
E la lumiero li mount-joio. . . .

. . . . . .

Encaro vuei dins soun mirage
Se representon voste oumbrage . . .
Li ferigoulo même an counserva l'oudour. . . .

With M. Bouquet's genial introduction I came to know this

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cité morte. We roamed together up its streets, along the jagged walls broken by an occasional doorway swinging open when the mistral blew; here was a Renaissance window of lovely purety of line and delicate mouldings, and an inscription: *POST TENEBRAS LUX;* the Romanesque church of Saint Vincent, where shepherds sing the Midnight Mass each year; the Renaissance pavilion called that of La Reine Jeanne; and, finally, after a steep ascent, the labyrinthine castle, of which the donjon and chapel are still preserved. It was built, M. Bouquet told me, in the tenth century, when the Princes of Les Baux were nearing the height of their power, and although partially razed by Robert de Duras in 1355, was not finally destroyed until by order of Louis the Thirteenth. From its summit we saw the long plain of the Camargue, to the northeast the foothills of the Alps, the Mediterranean gleaming, a line of silver, far to the south, and Arles by the Rhone against the setting sun. To the north was a grim expanse of jagged gray, up to the Saracen tower, which looked on the valley of St. Remy and the way to Avignon.

"Val d'Enfer!" exclaimed M. Bouquet, pointing with his stick toward the narrow ravine between scarred rocks that wound its tortuous way toward the tower. "Dante in exile became a citizen of Arles and visited that valley. Up above, the mountain side is murmurous with bees among the rosemary and thyme.

L'abiho
N'a pas de mèu plus dous e briho,
Coume un linde diamant e sent lou roumanièu,
Emai lou brusc, emai la nerto
Qu'à nosti colo fan cuberto.

(The bee makes no honey more sweet and gleaming. Like a limpid diamond, it smells of rosemary, of the bruyère and myrtle which cover the hills.)

Many a day during the next three weeks I spent roaming down that Val d'Enfer, to the Cave of the Fairies, where Mistral laid the scene of his *Mireille*, up the slopes of those sun-baked hills, among the herbs and bees, with Les Baux gleaming high across the valley. It was loveliest by moonlight, when the gray rocks, worn to fantastic shapes by the wind, towered above bathed in silver light; the high, ivory-colored chambers of the

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quarries glowed in mysterious *morbidezza*; and there was a softened radiance over the empty houses and the deserted streets of this Pompeii of the Middle Ages.

* * * * *

One day I went to St. Remy, where once was held the Court of Love. How the landscape changed when the ridge was crossed! The road wound along past juicy green meadows, watered by an irrigation system first installed by the Saracens, after the manner of Valence and Seville. The site of the mediæval *Cours d'Amour* is today only a sleepy little town, like a hundred others in Provence. Continuing past a stolid Roman arch and mausoleum, I reached Maussanne in time for a fête; boys and girls were dancing in the main street, and local heroes were showing their agility and cheap courage in the arena.

"Nothing can keep one of us away from a bull-fight," said M. Bouquet when I described the fête to him that evening. "We have an old ballad about a Provençal sinner who slipped into heaven when St. Peter nodded. How should the good God get him out? It was a matter demanding the most exquisite tact. It was done by advertising a *course des taureaux* in hell. There were no attractions in heaven comparable. Once out, the sinner never caught St. Peter napping again."

M. Bouquet told me of other legends, of the Enchantress Estérelle, of the villanous Count Sévéran, who was slain by Calendal. But his chief story was no imaginary one, nor was it laid in the past; it was the romantic account of the rebirth of Provençal literature today.

"Mistral was the genius," he explained. "He quickened its life. But it was never dead." It maintained its own integrity, an essentially popular language, never entirely yielding place to French since the days of the troubadours. The tradition first established by Guilhem, Count of Poitiers, in the beginning of the Twelfth Century, was kept alive until it flowered into intenser bloom in the modern *félibrige* movement, which dates from 1854. Roumanille of St. Remy was the leader of the Renaissance; Frédéric Mistral of Maillane was the genius; and among the co-workers have been Aubanel of Avignon, Mathieu of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, and Charloun of Paradou.

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M. Bouquet had known Mistral well. I had come to Provence a few years too late to meet him, but M. Bouquet said, "At any rate, you must meet Charloun."

* * * * *

So it happened that one afternoon, returning from a tramp over the hills, I found waiting in the courtyard a slim little old man, with bright, soft eyes, a short gray beard, and slouch hat, a farmer in dress though not in build. Charloun Riéu!

We talked of Mistral, of St. Trophime at Arles, of the resemblance of Provence to Greece. Then I whistled a bar from *Au Moulin d'Oli*, a song of Charloun's, the soft lilt of which I found especially entrancing. "Play it for me," he said, motioning toward the piano through the open door. So then we started, I softly playing the languorous melody while he sang the words in his gentle, piping tenor, like those old men in the *Iliad* on the walls of Troy—of the mill for pressing olive oil, and the bench beside it bathed in sunlight, fit for a summer afternoon's repose. "I have a better one," he said, and recited the words of a more thrilling song of a mill where he was to meet his beloved.

"We must not forget Mistral," said Charloun. I took down M. Bouquet's song book, and we all—M. Bouquet and Madame Bouquet herself, who so seldom came out of the kitchen—joined in the ringing verses of the *Cansoun de la Coupo*, the *Marseillaise* of Provence, song of an ancient people, proud and free.—

D'un vièi pople fièr e libre,

Which is, beyond all doubt, the most spirited national air ever created.

Then we sang the very old songs of the *pays:* children's songs, such as *Quand te coustèron tis esclop?* (How much did they cost you, your wooden shoes?) No children's songs can equal those of France, as anyone knows who has heard Yvette Guilbert. Some of the best come from Provence. We ended with *Magali*, the most tender of all serenades, and, like all songs of Provence, with a gentle dignity even when most intense.

O Magali, ma tant amando,
Mete la testo au fenestroun!
Escouto un pau aquesto aubado
De tambourin e de viouloun.

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(Oh Magali, my beloved, come to the window, listen a little to this song of tambourine and violin.)

Long after Charloun had left that evening, the recollection of this prompted Madame Bouquet to talk to me of love in Provence. "You know we have an old motto, 'One must become well acquainted before falling in love', " she said. "But (with a twinkle in her eye as she knitted, and a sharp grimace) I fear we are not *pratiques*. The sun is too much in our blood."

* * * * *

The sun is in the poems of Charloun. Before I met him again I had read all of his poems I could find in the library of M. Bouquet. His verses were like himself, belonging to the farms and fields, full-flavored yet sensitive. He wrote of the things he knew—the country fêtes and markets, great white oxen and chirping cicadas, almond and olive orchards; but always with nature as a background for people. I read his *Cansoun d'ou Terraire* (Songs of the Soil) and his translation of the *Odyssey*. (The *Odyssey* he loved, calling it his Mediterranean epic; but he would have found Theocritus's *Idylls* or the *Georgics* of Virgil better suited to his powers.) Like the old troubadours, he sang chiefly of love. Mediæval Provence, for all its intensity, cultivated a technique of restraint in the ritual of love; to the troubadours love was a cult, a religion, with its own laws and formalities. I found that Charloun had inherited from them their patience and delicacy, but in place of their sentimentality and sophistication he expressed his own directness and simplicity.

He sees a girl bent over a wayside brook, washing clothes, the breeze stirring her petticoat so that her ankles gleam in the sun. The blood rushes to his head—"*Coume pousqué resta tranquile?* (How could one remain serene?)" The breeze dies down, he goes on, quietly driving home. He sees the first violets in spring, the birds building their nests, a shepherdess and shepherd, lizards sunning themselves, a boy and girl gathering roses; and he asks his love why she is not smiling when all nature is so glad.

Vène, te culirai li proumièri viòuleto:
Toun sourrire enfantouli,
Lou veirai mai respeli.

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(Come, I'll gather for you the first violets; your child-like smile I shall see flower again.)

And finally he concludes impulsively:

Ma douço amigo!
Oh! digo, digo:
Tu, se me vos,
Laisso toun bos;
Se pièi t'agrado,
Dedins la prado,
Vène emé iéu:
Moun cor es tiéu.

(My sweet friend, oh! tell me, tell me, if you wish me leave your wood, and, if it pleases you, come with me in the field, my heart is yours.)

"*Me parles plus, Rouseto*" (Speak to me no more, Rosette) is a song after Theocritus. He comes upon a girl doing the family washing. She is in water to her knee. It is spring. The refrain is a haunting, hopeless one: "Speak to me no more, speak to me no more, Rosette, for in speaking you reawaken my love."

Me parles plus, me parles plus, Rouseto,
Qu'en me parlant revihes mis amour.

At an August fête at Moriès a girl will not dance. She has an Arlésienne coiffure, built high with lace, with a bright blue ribbon and a rose. To the boys who ask she says, "I am only listening to the violin." When men whisper to her that she is beautiful, she lowers her eyes or looks at the stars.

He is sad, having seen a girl by the brook. Moon, sun, birds' songs no longer delight him.

La tant douço aureto
'Mé soun dous murmur,
Beisant li floureto
Fai plus moun bounur.

(The breeze so sweet which kisses the flowers with caressing murmur does not make me happy any longer.)

The lovely girl who was his joy has gone far away, to pluck other flowers. Since then he has lost all joy, all love.

Desempiéi siéu sènso
De joio e d'amour.

. . . . .

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I saw him once again, at his home in Paradou. It was in the early evening, before I took the train for Arles. "Where shall I find Charloun?" I asked people near the church. "At the café, or his home, *là-bas*." He was not at the café, where he was accustomed to meet his friends and sing with them, but I continued along the poplar-shaded road and soon had the house where he lived pointed out to me by eager and curious townsmen. It was back of a wayside well, a peasant's tenement in the middle of a stucco row. He was sitting alone in the twilight, holding a copy of *L'Homme de Bronze*, the newspaper of the *félibrige* movement, in his hands, but not reading. The room gave evidence that Charloun, like many another good poet, had married Mistress Poverty. A farmer's house, but right for him who pretended to nothing more, this "lover and priest of the earth".

He told me the simple annals of his life, of his blacksmith grandfather and farmer father, both of whom were natives of Paradou. During his fifty-six years he had had no schooling except a little Latin and less Greek from the village curé. Like Walther von der Vogelweide, he was by Nature taught. He recalled the great day when he first met Mistral, and how the master had said, "Charloun is the only peasant who sings of his plough and knows how to sing of it." He had never married. "I spend my time singing at the fêtes," he said. "We have many of them in Provence."

He asked me for American music, to which he would set Provençal words. I gave him the wide choice of *Suwanee River*, *Yankee Doodle* and *Lord Jeffrey Amherst!* While I was writing the musical notation on a scrap of his own paper, he took his pen and wrote me an original little quatrain of farewell.

We sang a few songs together before I left to take my train. I shall not forget him, standing there in his doorway, a Rembrandtesque figure, waving me adieu. I hoped it was only au revoir, but in March two years later I saw in the papers that he had fallen one evening and died of exposure. Now the lover and priest of the earth is one with the herbs and flowers he loved.

I received a black-bordered funeral notice from Madame Bouquet. The race of the Magi was no more. In the *cité morte* had died the last of her princes.

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A GOOD WORD FOR THE PURITAN

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

It is difficult to share to the full the rejoicing of a new school of literature in this country which joyously proclaims that, in part by bringing in new racial influences from many lands, it has broken down our narrow race inhibitions and moral scruples, and has prepared the way for a triumphant escape from Puritanism. The tables have been almost too thoroughly turned. Indubitably our Puritan forefathers, some of them at least, did their share of persecuting, but so great a castigation has the Puritan been receiving of late years that one feels inclined to take up the cudgels in his defense. In these contemporary jibes and denunciations there is lack of reference to any specific Puritan or Puritans, but, through large generalizations, a phantom is created, flitting across the pages of novel and criticism, an arch-oppressor, with meaningless harshness in his face, holding grotesque beliefs, denying himself and others the joys of life for the mere pleasure of the denial. Doubtless the typical Puritan (for I will generalize even as these others) had his harsh aspects, with his stern theology and his stern ideals of conduct, yet I am not sure that he was not a better man and a deeper thinker than his modern critic.

It is a pity that, so far as the printed word is concerned, the Puritan expressed himself for the most part only along the lines of theology; after all he probably did not think about theology all the time. I dare say he had many weeks and months of enjoyable hard work, wholly absorbed in his toil; I dare say he had his hours of comfort by the household fire, with his children at his knees, and no thought of hell in his mind. He was doubtless more human than posterity has thought. Again, it is a pity that in modern allusions to him the most unfortunate aspects of his theology have been the most stressed; human attention is most quickly caught by the bizarre. As to his convictions, man's thought is in every age liable to error, conceivably even in this.

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Even if he did believe in the damnation of unbaptized infants, the belief never did the babies any harm, yet the modern world shudders as if he had cast them with his own hands into the flames. The greatest hurt of this and other cruel aspects of his faith—except when he too went a-persecuting—was to himself.

Though we cannot accompany the Puritan all the way in his theology, his basic convictions were such as to make him a better citizen of the world, and possibly of the City of God, if I may use such a term in this age of the world, than many of his detractors. If he grasped a thorny stick to help himself upward, at least he was groping his way upward; are his assailants? His faith had much of lasting import. He believed in a Power greater than himself and better than himself, God. It is well for eras of rampant self-expression to remember that believing in the reality of a Power greater than oneself confers a worth upon existence, a dignity upon human nature. The ability to do it represents man's greatest intellectual and spiritual reach, and provides escape from a vicious centring of thought in self. The Puritan's God had his stern aspects, but the inmost centre of the thought of Him was a conception of the Beauty of Holiness. Whether you grasp a bit of Eternal Beauty through Plato, or through our ancestors' thought of God, it is well to grasp it.

The Puritan interpreted life in terms of the spirit, not of the flesh; soul was his one great concern. Perhaps he was no philosopher, but both act and utterance show that existence meant to him more than mere animal life. His thought here is on a high plane, more in accord with the thought of the wisest in past great epochs of the world's history than is the thought of those who, in any age, say: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" or "Let us follow our immediate physical impulse as the supreme good." He made, in behalf of his central conception of holiness, and of his endeavor to keep his soul in the saddle in seeking this, rigid laws of conduct. His denials were not mere negative repressions, imposed for the joy of denying, but constructive affirmations of a faith in the power of man's soul to win the body to do its will. He was no moron, bent on repressing natural instincts for the sake of repression, making cruel laws for himself and others for the pleasure of the hurt. Even his bitter

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doctrine in regard to the flames of hell was but the measure of his belief in a distinction between right and wrong in human conduct. It is much to his credit that he made such a distinction and held to it stubbornly. If he could not always live up to his standards he tried again; the very attempt to do what he attempted in self-mastery confers a dignity upon human nature.

He believed not only in a distinction between right and wrong, but also in his power to choose, holding himself accountable for his actions. He thought himself a man, with a man's individuality, a man's responsibility, and a man's power of self control, not a mere chip upon a stream of tendency. Such a conviction of man as having a hand in his own destiny has marked all epochs of great achievement and is the measure of whatever hope we have here on earth. This faith also confers a dignity upon human nature, and there will be little dignity left to it when belief in the power of the will is gone.

If, possibly, too much of the Puritan's thought in regard to theology has been expressed, too little of his thought in regard to the community and the State ever found verbal expression. If he did not print his ideas about his obligations to society, he found another method of expression; we can read through the lines of his conduct and such of his writing as suggests ethics his convictions as a citizen. It is not difficult to discover that, in human relations as in his relation to God, duty was to him a word of deep import. As I read about the Puritan and listen to the traditions handed down in regard to him, I am aware that he shouldered a man's responsibility in regard to the family, and, through that, to the State. The typical Puritan had a larger family; he was apparently under the impression that in bringing his children into the world he had incurred certain lasting responsibilities. He felt a binding power in his human relationships, and was faithful to the immemorial sanctity of the hearth; "the philosophy of loyalty" was his. Taking him as a whole, he had the dignity of recognized obligations to others than self. A great dignity.

Among the outcries of rejoicing because we have advanced beyond Puritanism we find the following, which voices the sentiments of many of the so called Intelligentzia:

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"Whitman's great work," affirms one of our more radical young writers, "is to be measured in terms, not of general human experience, but of a special situation; one has only to recall that, up to a generation ago, our entire race was conceived in the holy shame of a reluctant wedlock, to realize the extent of our national obligation to Whitman's robust animal humors."

One wonders what power of thinking resides in the mind of a youth who can write in this way, whether it has occurred to him to question what would be the consequences, civic and ethical, of the code he advocates. What would be, under the régime thus ushered in, the organization of society, of the family? Surely, if he has acquainted himself at all with the history of the human race, he must know that the home is the basis of whatever civilization has been achieved. Has no one told him that the guardianship of the young, of which he apparently takes no thought, is affirmed by nature and religion alike to be the deepest concern of those who have attained years fitting them for adult experiences? Or does all this seem, to the truly progressive, of small importance, compared with the pleasure to be derived from the immediate gratification of desire?

They who would frame a code of ethics for the days to come should be able to think; able to look before and after and bring the experience of the past to bear upon the future; they should know some of the springs of action which differentiate man from the beast, and of the principles which have guided men in the long slow growth from the animal state. Here certain of the convictions of the despised Puritan might well give the moderns pause for thought. At least he did not think that the aim of existence was momentary enjoyment. By the very sternness of his laws and inhibitions he showed that he had a sense of the sacredness of the function in whose keeping is life itself; he knew that the flame upon the altar should be guarded. He was aware also that a great desideratum, if communities, nations, are to live, is that there should be something consecutive, enduring, in thought and in action. The human being must have, to bind his days, a code, an idea of conduct, from which to work; to come back to after possible failure and dereliction; something steady in his life. If the Puritan achieved this in part through a longing for heaven

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and a fear of hell, he at least worked toward the attainment of an ideal transcending the impulse of the moment. Any escape from the momentary, any grasp of the enduring, the eternal, is gain.

I confess that I do not want to see our nation liberated wholly from the Puritan tradition; I want to keep it, the finer part of it, for there is at its heart something precious, not to be foregone without immeasurable loss. The best that we have in our civilization is our heritage from the Puritan, the result of the ethical and spiritual aspiration predominant among the motives that drew our forefathers here. Ours is a unique history; this was not the only attempt to withdraw, to base an experiment in practical living on a religious ideal, but it stands alone as regards its far-reaching consequences. Unless we can keep that which was finest in Puritanism and impress it upon the descendants of those who followed the Puritan to these shores, the significant achievement of our forefathers will fail of its high early promise.

Something we have kept, from East to West, from North to South, in spite of our vast material development, and in spite of the jibes and taunts of those who have raised themselves, not always with full preparation for the office, to the high seat of the critic. A simplicity of outlook, directness of gaze, faith in the elemental rightness of family relationships and responsibilities, are ours. In defiance of those who would teach us better, we still keep, as a whole, our unsophisticated respect for the moral decencies of life.

Have the young men who want to batter down our spiritual defenses anything better to offer? Are the doctrines that they teach likely to strengthen the fibre of the race as did the Puritan's? Is the follow-your-immediate-impulse gospel more fitted to rouse the young to grasp opportunities for right development, to enable them to take their place as supporting factors in the social structure, than his? They who blush for our *naïveté* in regard to morality have no constructive thought to offer for the upbuilding of State and of nation, only a negative something, a plea for that type of freedom which is perfect slavery.

The Puritan was, to a certain degree, an ascetic; there is something fine, fastidious, in ascetic endeavor when not carried

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to excess. I doubt if any great human achievement has come to pass without a measure of asceticism in those who have made it; I hope that the wings of Lindbergh will carry home to the imagination of the youth of America this evangel which we most need. The Puritan knew this truth; he knew that any life worth living is hard, and braced himself, with his magnificent physical strength and endurance, to live it among the difficult conditions in which he found himself. Superfluous physical activity found its right outcome in strenuous toil as he tamed the wilderness. Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith Smith is a great deal nearer the heroes of old time than are those capitulating contemporaries who have not hard work enough to do to keep body and soul in good condition, and who drift into a belief that there is no help for the supremacy of the physical instincts, and that therefore the pleasant urge may as well be followed.

I could wish for a renaissance of Puritanism to guard the nation against the dangers of unparalleled material prosperity, and to counteract this gospel of animalism in which unbridled surrender to physical instincts seems a desirable goal. Instead of congratulating ourselves on outgrowing Puritanism, we should make a great effort to keep the soul of it. Time has laid bare the essentials; eliminate the non-essentials. We can discard many of the Puritan's taboos, and some of his beliefs; we can recognize the fact that retribution for choosing the less instead of the greater comes here and now, in present degradation, instead of future flames of hell. We can find joy in many ways that the Puritan denied himself. But we need his resolution, his faith in the will, his belief in a Power higher than himself, God; his disdain of mere impulse or appetite as a guide of life, his endeavor to control the body in the service of the spirit, his sense of responsibility to a code of conduct that lifted him out of his weaker moods in persistent endeavor to match up with his greater. With all his limitations, he is the backbone of such civilization as we have, and history has amply demonstrated that civilizations need backbone.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

A Coolidge Doctrine

We must confess something more of regret than surprise at the general failure to remark upon the obvious and suggestive analogy between a passage in President Coolidge's Memorial Day address at Gettysburg and the most famous passage ever contained in a Presidential Message. Nearly a hundred and five years ago President Monroe declared that any oppressive intervention by European Powers in the affairs of any American Republics would have to be regarded as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward this country. Now President Coolidge declares that the occurrence of a war among any important Powers anywhere in the world would have to be regarded as conduct prejudicial to the interests of America. We have long recognized, and at least one of the greatest Old World Powers has also recognized, the immense value of the Monroe Doctrine as a bulwark of international peace. We could wish nothing better for the world than that this Coolidge Doctrine should obtain similar recognition and command similar respect.

Of course, if we were to undertake the enforcement of the Coolidge Doctrine by any such means as we have employed in the case of the Monroe Doctrine, we should have a lot of criticasters jumping up and down in high-daddy agitation over such monstrous "imperialism" or something of the sort, and they would be identical with those who have been anathematizing our "isolation" policy in not entering the League of Nations. They would deem it arrogant in us to interfere with the sacred right of other countries to raise the devil whenever they please; yet they deal damnation to us for not making of America an international bailiff at the beck of an alien Council. For us, we are inclined to apply the words of John Quincy Adams in 1823, and to say that "it would be more candid as well as more dignified to avow our

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principles directly . . . than to come in as a cock-boat in the wake of the British man-of-war". That seems to be President Coolidge's feeling; substituting for "British man-of-war" the League of Nations.

America at Any Price

Less than ten years ago the burden of the demands of the League advocates—in this country—was that we should accept and adopt the Covenant without the crossing of a *t* or dotting of an *i*, not only because the instrument was so perfect as to be insusceptible of improvement but also because any change whatever, even the slightest, would infallibly be rejected by the other Powers. Today a long series of precisely contrary assurances has its culmination in the declaration of *The Spectator* of London, which it reminds us it has often made before, "that if the Constitution of the League requires any adaptation to make America a full coöperator without membership, or requires such adaptation as would ultimately bring America 'right in', that adaptation ought to be made. There would be no sacrifice. There would be nothing but gain."

It may be flattering to us, to have Europe eager to pay any price we might name to secure our adherence to the League, but we are not sure that it is the slightest inducement to us to grant it; particularly as we appear to be serving the cause of justice and peace among nations far better outside the League than we could within it.

Arma Silent

Strangely little attention has been given to what is perhaps the most significant feature of the present political campaign in this country, and indeed of most political campaigns in the great nations since the World War. That is, the absence of military candidates. Following five previous wars, seven men were elevated to the Presidency of the United States chiefly or largely because of their military prestige, and others were made prominent though unsuccessful candidates on the same ground. But neither in 1920, nor in 1924, nor yet in 1928, was there so much as the serious suggestion of such a candidacy, save in a single instance.

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Similar conditions have prevailed elsewhere. Great Britain had no thought of making Earl Haig or any other military man Prime Minister, as she did Wellington; France did not choose Marshal Foch to be President, as she did MacMahon; and we cannot recall any movement in Italy to make General Diaz the head of the Government. Germany alone among the Great Powers chose her chief soldier to lead her civil life; and that exception serves to emphasize the otherwise general rule. The circumstances are unique. Never before was a great war so closely followed by resumption of the salutary rule, *Inter leges, arma silent.*

An Example in Rubber

Governmental interference in the technicalities of business seems to be again discredited by the net results of the "Stevenson Scheme" for stabilizing the British rubber market, the operation of which has recently ceased. British authorities declare that it did far more harm than good, in that it (1) transferred to non-British producers in the East, chiefly Dutch, a large trade which otherwise would have remained in British hands; (2) greatly stimulated the "reclaiming" industry in America and thus lessened the demand for fresh rubber; (3) alienated the United States—Britain's best customer—and drove it to seek supplies in its own southern territory and in South America, Africa, and elsewhere; and (4) failed to stabilize the price of rubber at an "economic figure". If such were indeed its results, a policy of *laissez-faire* would surely have been far better.

Germany "Playing Safe"

Germany is "playing safe". That is the obvious lesson of the late elections, the result of which in a measure resembled that of those in France. Dr. Streseman did not, it is true, win so remarkable a personal victory as did M. Poincaré; but his policies were no less triumphant than those of the French Premier. Those policies will, however, be carried on under a Socialist instead of a Nationalist domination in the Reichstag, the former party having made considerable gains and being now the largest of all, while the latter has suffered still greater losses. This result dismisses fear of any movement toward a Hohenzollern restoration. On the

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other hand it gives no menace of extreme Radicalism. For while a coalition of the Socialists and Communists—who have also made surprising gains—might control the Chamber, such a thing may be regarded as quite impossible, at any rate so long as the Communists take their orders from Moscow. The Socialists are as much opposed as the Nationalists themselves to any such alien influence, and they have a bitter animosity against the Third Internationale. It is unfortunate that the Government will have to depend upon a coalition for support; as it always is, in the case of any Government. But a working alliance of the Socialists, Centrists, Democrats and People's Party should prove sufficiently stable to keep Dr. Streseman in office and to maintain his beneficent policies.

British American Problems

According to their own showing, the principal British States in America are facing some rather serious problems. Canada is threatened with a stationary if not an actually diminishing population, through a decreasing birth rate and an excess of emigration over immigration. The statistics of the latter process are really startling. In the three years 1912–13–14 the immigration was 1,140,000, and in 1925–26–27 only 350,000; and in the former three years there was an average migration to the United States of fewer than 72,000, while in the latter it was more than 90,000. In the years 1921–26 no fewer than 636,000 persons migrated from Canada to the United States, of whom 250,000 returned; leaving a net loss to the Dominion of 386,000. Presumably the causes of this state of affairs are economic. True, the average per capita wealth of the Dominion is $2,525, a goodly figure, and last year there was a favorable trade balance of $151,000,000. Yet it is authentically stated that in some of the most important occupations the average earnings are less than the cost of living.

In these circumstances the interesting suggestion is made that the British West Indies should be annexed to Canada, as members of that Dominion. It is pointed out that trade of those islands with Canada is growing more rapidly than that between them and either the United States or Great Britain, and is approximating the latter in value. The race problem in the islands

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would probably be, from the Canadian point of view, an obstacle to the union. British sentiment on the subject is, however, now quite different from that expressed by Froude sixty years ago, when he wrote: "Let the United States take the British West Indies and welcome," and by *The London Times* as recently as 1911, to the effect that "There can be little doubt that the islands of the West Indies will, upon the completion of the Panama Canal, gravitate to amalgamation with the Great Republic of the North."

A Hero and Martyr of Humanity

The name of Hideyo Noguchi takes its place by the side of that of Jesse Lazear among "the few, the immortal names that were not born to die". He fell a victim to the pestilence which he was seeking to abate, but before he fell he secured the knowledge that will enable his successors to achieve the triumph at which he aimed. There is no nobler record to be made of a man, than that he gave his life for his fellow men.

Conservative Flappers

It may be that British "flappers" will prove to be as conservative in some respects as they are radical in others. When Parliament voted to extend the electoral franchise to them, many thoughtful and presumably informed Britishers predicted that such action would mean nothing but Socialist or at least Radical Governments for years to come. But a "straw vote" among the working girls of Liverpool has just resulted in a two to one victory for Conservatism over Labor, with Liberalism a poor third—of course, a large Conservative majority over the other two parties combined. It is observed that there is a distinction with a difference between bobbed hair and ballots.

Camps of Citizenship

There will probably be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth among Pacifists at the announcement that some 221,000 young men will be enrolled at the military training camps of America this summer, and will there receive instruction and discipline from about 50,000 officers and men provided by the Army.

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There will certainly, however, be much gratification and exultation among thoughtful and patriotic Americans, who will see in this achievement the raising of 221,000 young men directly—and through them probably millions indirectly—to a higher physical, mental and moral standard of manhood and of citizenship. For training in citizenship, through the development of health, intelligence, morality, discipline, obedience, self respect and respect for others, is the keynote of this patriotic service.

The Canny Ameer

Adam-zad was not able to fool the grandson of Abdur Rahman. When Amanulla Khan visited Moscow during his European tour, all the earmarks of Bolshevism were carefully concealed, and the Afghan sovereign was received and entertained with all the royal and imperial blandishments that a Czar himself could have provided. But through that camouflage of Sovietism his eyes unerringly penetrated, and when, as the crowning feature of his visit he was invited to witness an exhibition of a fleet of military airplanes on each of which was inscribed a sentiment hostile to Great Britain, he found it quite impossible to accept. So the Khyber Pass is no nearer to the Kremlin than it was before.

The Volstead Rake's Progress

Two recent incidents disclose in startling characters the ethical and juridical results of attempting to enforce a hypocritical and oppressive law. One is the report of the Prohibition Bureau itself, that its enforcement officers—who were justly described by a high and judicious authority as "a precious set of unmitigated scoundrels"—have killed no fewer than one hundred and twenty-eight persons since the enactment of the Volstead law, for which manslaughters and murders only fifty-four, or less than one-half, of the perpetrators have been called to account, and only five, or less than four per cent., have been punished. The other is the decision of a bare majority of the Supreme Court that wire-tapping, by means of which to eavesdrop upon private telephone conversations, is no offense—when it is done by one of the "unmitigated scoundrels" of the Enforcement Service. Apparently the

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Decalogue and the Constitution of the United States are subject to exceptions in favor of the chartered libertines of Volsteadism. It will be interesting to see to what further extent the American nation will permit such establishment of a despotic and lawless *imperium super imperio.*

Peace, not Pacifism

We recently recalled from our pages of a century ago the trenchant remarks of John Adams in reply to an invitation to join the first American Peace Society. Were the sturdy old patriot living today, he might take a more favorable and even sympathetic view of that organization. For we note that in commemorating its one hundredth anniversary it has unequivocally placed itself upon record as approving the inherent right of nations to keep themselves armed for self-defense. Peace, not Pacifism, is its aim; an aim which all rational men must cordially approve.

Our Tourists and Our Debtors

With the season for American tourists in Europe now well opened, it is interesting and somewhat suggestive to observe that they take to Europe nearly four times as much money as Europe sends to America for debt payments. Last year they spent in foreign countries, chiefly European, about $770,000,000, while Europe sent hither only $200,000,000 in payments on its debts. In addition, immigrants in America sent more than $200,000,000 to relatives at their old homes, and Americans sent $43,000,000 abroad in charitable contributions and paid $32,000,000 abroad for freight charges. So we reckon that we are not, after all, draining the rest of the world of all its gold.

The "Discoverer" of Ibsen

It is a coincidence worthy of at least passing notice that the centenary of the birth of Henrik Ibsen has been marked with the death of the man who may be said to have "discovered" him for the English-speaking world. Doubtless the Norwegian dramatist would have become known to us without the good offices of Edmund Gosse; but doubtless, too, that consummation would have been much longer delayed, had it not been for the English

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poet and critic's illuminating articles about him some fifty-six years ago. Beside that, Sir Edmund had other strong claims to high and lasting esteem, as by no means the least of the brilliant galaxy of intellectual lights that gave distinction to the Victorian Age.

"We" Duly Honored

Some consolation for the unseemly and unnecessary scandal—we can describe it with no milder term—over the proposed placing of the Wright airplane in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution has been afforded by the unchallenged enshrinement there of the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Happily, too, this was effected in precisely the way which Colonel Lindbergh must have desired; as quietly and unostentatiously as "We" set out on the most memorable air flight the world has ever seen. By happy coincidence this was promptly followed by the bestowal upon Colonel Lindbergh of the honorary degree of Master of Aeronautics, which had been specially devised and created for him by New York University.

Rivalry in Sugar

The proposal of Cuban sugar growers to curtail their production in order to increase prices seems strangely inopportune, in view of the movements now in progress in the United States and its insular possessions. We recently recorded the hopeful expectation of an immense increase in production in Louisiana, to which may now be added well organized plans for a similar expansion of the industry in Porto Rico and Hawaii. The purpose is to increase domestic production to a degree that will reduce imports to a negligible quantity, and then to abolish the present system of preferential duties. It is of course natural and not at all culpable for Cuban plantation owners to desire as high prices as they can get for their product. But a temporary rise in prices would be too dearly bought at the cost of the loss of a large if not the major part of the American market and the loss, too, of the twenty per cent. rebate on import duties which Cuban sugar now enjoys. It may be that artificial meddling with the sugar trade will prove as little profitable to Cuba as the "Stevenson scheme" in rubber appears to have proved to England.

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Anglo-Americana

Memorial Day this year was invested with more than ordinary international interest. The placing of a wreath on the statue of Lincoln in front of Westminster Abbey was a graceful and appropriate act, not the least value of which was to acquaint or remind millions of Americans of the existence of such a memorial in that place, a fact which they had not known or had forgotten. At the same time a granite gateway was unveiled at Dartmoor "to the loving memory of American sailors and soldiers of the War of 1812" who died in the prison at that place; and there were impressive services at Plymouth, in Devonshire, in memory of American sailors killed in that same war. In view of these things, it must be regretted that there was objection to the display of British and other Allied flags in the Memorial Day procession in New York. Surely, flags which have been carried side by side in battles may well be borne side by side in the peaceful commemorations of those battles.

International Ignorance

Mr. J. B. Atkins, of *The Spectator* of London, has been saying many interesting things as the result of his observations of the United States "after thirty years", among which there is perhaps none more worthy of taking to heart—on both sides of the Atlantic—than this; that "I never felt so drearily what a gulf of ignorance about one another separates the two countries." His reference is, of course, to England and America. Frankly, we fear that he is right. But if so, what a monstrous reproach it is to two nations which claim and indeed possess the same language, the same literature, the same racial traditions, the same civic ideals, the same common law. Must members of a family be less acquainted with each other than with strangers?

Call Up Oxenstierna!

Sweden's great Chancellor bade his disciple "Go forth, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed!" Today he might add, "And with how much less wisdom it would be governed by reforming wiseacres!" The distinguished organization

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known to contemporary fame as the People's Lobby has been asking Presidential candidates what they would think of a platform plank on International Relations to the effect that "When the safety of foreign nationals in any country in the Western Hemisphere is threatened, the matter should be adjusted by coöperative action of nations of the American continents." That is to say, if a mob or some revolutionists start a ruction in some Central or South American port, beyond the control of the local or governmental authorities, and start to massacre all American citizens within reach, we must in no wise land Marines for the protection of our people, but must wait until Honduras and Paraguay can hold an international conference and agree upon a course of action. By that time, of course, the Americans will all have been massacred and the subject matter of the case thus destroyed, when there will be nothing for the diplomats of Honduras and Paraguay to do but to go back home and thank God that everything is for the best in the best possible of worlds. We often wonder how this poor old earth of ours contrived to get along for so many thousand years before the advent of some of our contemporary sages.

The Return of Venizelos

One of the most dramatic of recent political incidents was the return of Eleutherios Venizelos to the public life of Greece. It seems almost a generation since that brilliant Candiot insurgent arose and in a brief career of almost indescribable romance saved Greece from ruin, revolutionized her Government, and for a time placed her in a grade only just below that of the Great Powers. After thus making a record for himself second to that of no other European statesman of the time, he passed into an obscurity as profound as his elevation had been lofty. Now he emerges again; and the world wonders whether he will achieve a sequel worthy of his first performance, or suffer a humiliating anti-climax.

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THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"Sorry ye didn't come in time for supper," said the Deacon cordially, "but have a snack of pie."

"On the dot!" I assented. "What kind?"

"Open-face an' cross-bar," answered the Deacon; "we et up all the kiver-top."

"Cross-bar is cranberry," I grinned at him. "I'm sure of that. But open-face might be squash or pumpkin or custard. As for that cover-top, it must have been apple or mince or blueberry."

"Ye get most a hundred on that examination," said the Deacon, leading me into the comfortable kitchen. "Only you left out one or two common or kitchen varieties. Ma's got some lemon-custard an' a mite of cranberry settin' out for visitors."

The "mite" of cranberry was approximately half a pie, and the flaxen cross-bars of the upper crust seemed to melt in my mouth, so delicately crisp they were. "Cooking is an instinct with Mrs. Stebbins," I mumbled with my mouth half full.

The Deacon snorted. "Lots of folks make that fool remark," he said genially. "An *instinct* is stronger in a child than in a grown-up. If cooking was instinctive in a woman she'd cook as well when she was five as when she was seventy-five. I guess all Ma ever cooked when she was five was mud-pies an' half of 'em didn't turn out right. Now when she's seventy-five she's so eddicated she can't cook wrong. But it's the result of thorough eddication. It ain't instinct, not by a long sight."

"I can't wholly agree with you," I said; and for the life of me I could not keep a certain professorial primness out of my tone, though I was uncomfortably conscious of it. We sat down at the table with its top covered by the red cloth of a tidied kitchen, and the Deacon offered me his tobacco pouch. "Give some women a library of the best cook books in the world," I said, "and they'll make messes out of the simplest recipes; and give others a few ob-

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scure recipes and they'll get good results. Every educator knows to his cost that he can't make silk purses out of sows' ears."

"My boy," said the Deacon solemnly, "you're one of these professors that knows too much that ain't so, an' I'm disappointed in ye. A woman that walks up to a strange cook book an' gets good food out of it is able to do so not because she's got the instinct but because she's got the eddication."

I looked as meek as I could. In the first place I was getting out of my depth; Home Economics was not my department. In the second place it was no use to pretend wisdom when the Deacon was riding his high horse.

The Deacon puffed complacently. "You ain't in a state of grace," he said severely, "but you can thank your Maker you're young enough to be saved; yer mind hasn't entirely jelled yet. There's an' almighty lot of teachers that think folks get an eddication by followin' recipes, instead of realizin' that folks can't use a recipe until they're eddicated. It's because of that foolish notion that there's such a lot of 'how-to-do-it' books bein' published nowadays."

I wasn't entirely following the Deacon's reasoning, so I kept silent, and borrowed some tobacco.

"I don't *dis*believe in instincts," he continued. "Ma might have had an instinct for theological disputations—though I misdoubt it," and he smiled at some unspoken thought; "or she might have had an instinct for makin' artistic tombstuns, an' the world lost a genius by reason of her not bein' born a stuncutter's daughter, or growin' up in a quarry. But it happens she grew up in a kitchen helpin' her mother, whether she had an instinct for cookin' or not. I dunno as she ever really loved cookin', but she always had a kind of instinct for doin' her duty. I s'pose she was burnin' biscuit by the time she was eight, an' stopped burnin' 'em when she was ten. Prob'ly when she put too much saleratus in 'em she had to eat a few. She had that kind of a ma. By the time she was fifteen right cookin' was second nature to her, an' she'd make good food out of a bad recipe. Some folks like to call that kind of second nature an *instinct*, but I call it the result of eddication. They like to say it's God-given instinct because that lets 'em out of the hard job of tryin' to acquire it."

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"But some women like to cook, and some never learn to like it."

"Sure," agreed the Deacon, "an' I grant the ones that like it can catch up on the others without their mothers standin' over 'em in youth. They can school 'emselves. But the point I'm stickin' to is that all of 'em have got to approach a recipe with a mind trained for it; just blind instinct ain't enough."

I found myself swinging into the drift of the Deacon's argument. "You remind me," I said, "of a startling statement I heard the other day. A learned Biblical scholar told me that the old King James translation, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' is not an accurate translation of the original. And yet our whole system of schooling has been built upon it. The verse should read, 'Train up a child according to his bent and when he is old—'. I should say it means that you must determine what a child's instinct is, and then train him to follow it."

"You an' I don't hit head-on," remarked the Deacon, "'cause we ain't on the same track. I grant folks may have an instinct for things, though it's a loose way of talkin'. But an instinct ain't any good to a human bein' unless it's been trained. An' when I take pleasure in Ma's cookin', or in the quick way that boy Eb can mend a threshin' machine, I hate to have folks come along an' say he does it by *instinct*, jest as though there hadn't been a long, slow process of eddication behind it."

"I haven't any instinct for mending machinery," I said stubbornly. "I always have to take my car to a garage. I'd ruin your hay-rake if I tried to fix it."

"I s'pose you want me to believe," grunted the Deacon, "that some men know by instinct which way to screw a nut onto a bolt. That 'ud be the same as sayin' that Nature decreed the thread on a bolt should run a certain way. I s'pose a machinist who reversed the thread would be disobeyin' God, because he'd be cheatin' every human bein' who had an instinct fer turnin' a nut to the right. No, sirree! The feller that has what you call an instinct fer machinery may have been born with some natural likin's, but he's puttered around enough to learn which way most screws turn, before he really knew it, an' a left-handed screw'll fool him whether he's got an *instinct* fer machinery or not.

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"The reason I get het up about this," said the Deacon apologetically, as he spat with astonishing skill through the gratings of the stove and then glanced nervously over his shoulder toward the sitting room, "is becuz I'm sick an' tired of these advertisements that promise our village boys that if they have a yearnin' to be a great salesman—an' yearnin' is a substitute word fer instinct—all they have to do is buy a book with twenty recipes fer salesmanship in it, an' the thing is done.

"It ain't jest the boys," he continued earnestly. "The girls fall fer it. Bill Tibbits's daughter is a nice little girl. She ain't what you'd call really all there, but nothin' actually wrong about her brains, jest sort of spindlin'. She was happy enough at home, an' singin' in the choir, an' all that. But she filled out some sort of a question list she found in a magazine advertisement an' sent it away. Back come an answer that told her she had the instincts of a great scenario-writer—an' from what I've seen of the movies they've got some God-awful instincts—an' she ought to take twenty lessons fer one hundred dollars an' learn how to write fer the movies. Poor thing! She can't even write fer a sample cake of soap, so's you'd understand her.

"I guess I'm workin' toward a sort of obvious statement," he continued, apologetically. "But I want to get it off my chest. The right sort of eddication is trainin' yer brain. It ain't trainin' yer hands or yer feet, it's trainin' *yer brain* to use yer hands an' feet. I was readin' somewhere that Admiral Sims said the Naval Academy trainin' was no good when it spent three years teachin' a boy to do somethin' that he could have learned in three weeks on a gun-turret, if his mind was in good shape."

"It looks to me as though you would do away with technical education," I commented.

"A lot of it," he answered cheerfully. "I wouldn't try to teach any young man a lot of this 'how-to-do-it' stuff till I'd given him a trained brain to do it with, an' it's surprisin' what an unexpected variety of things'll train a brain."

"Farmers aren't as a rule a liberally educated class," I suggested, "and yet they produce most of our wealth."

"Worst argument you could use," replied the Deacon. "A really good farmer used to be a broadly eddicated man. As a

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youngster he had to do all kinds of things in his home an' in the barn. He had to observe an' think an' deduce. What's more, he read a few good books so's he knew 'em most by heart.

"But speakin' by an' large," he added earnestly, "an' though I do say it, farmers have been some of our foolest citizens. We had a big country an' a rich soil an' an easy market, an' the earth produced in spite of 'em, till they milked a lot of it dry. Then some feller with brains trained by some other sort of study come along an' told 'em how to rotate crops. There ain't any other group of citizens so easily misled by crooked politicians.

"I heard of a farmer in Dakota,"—the Deacon was warming up—"an' he struggled along fer thirty year, as poor at the end as at the start, though he had a hull New England county fer a farm. He kept raisin' grain, an' losin' it in droughts an' late blizzards, an' reggerler acts of God; an' all the time he kept jest one or two hogs around the place to eat the swill an' supply a little home-grown pork fer the family. An' after thirty year some feller came along with a brain an' suggested he might jest as well raise two hundred hogs as raise two, without any more trouble. The whole State was full of farmers like that, an' now they get more wealth out of hogs than grain. It was a simple idee, but they didn't think of it for thirty years or more.

"No, sir, it wouldn't hurt a farmer to have a little more brains nowadays, an' he might start in acquirin' 'em by studyin' history an' geography an' music an' French, or any old thing that helps brains to grow. An' I guess the same is true with engineers an' doctors an' scenario-writers. I wouldn't teach 'em how-to-do-it till I trained suthin' in their heads to do it with. Instinct an' a recipe never produced anything."

"How would you train a teacher?" I asked meekly.

"I'd begin by burnin' most of his text-books," answered the Deacon, promptly, "so's he'd have to use whatever brain he has."

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IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

DANIEL WEBSTER, *famed as a jurist as well as an orator, discussed the value of the Jury system in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818:*

There can be no legal reasoning, until a particular state of facts is considered as settled. But there are cases, in which some doubts would always remain as to the facts connected with them, if a certain and precise issue were not joined between the parties, and a verdict, "importing absolute verity," found upon this issue. In many instances, this is much better done in a jury room than on the bench; for this reason, among others, *that the finding of the jury is not accompanied with dissenting opinions.*

A strong impression against the use of juries in civil causes generally prevails in countries where the civil law is established. Yet, there are reasons, at least plausible, for supposing that something very analogous to English and American juries existed both in Athens and in Rome, in the better days of those Republics. "I have always been of opinion," says Sir William Jones, "with the learned antiquary, Dr. Pettingal, that they (the judges at Athens) might with propriety be called *jurymen;* and that the Athenian juries differed from ours in very few particulars." Dr. Pettingal's *Inquiry into the use and practice of juries among the Greeks and Romans* deserves to be more read and better known. It is a book of accurate and extensive erudition, although written with somewhat too much acrimony against the civil law, as it existed after the time of Augustus.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1818, made observations upon child education quite pertinent to our own times:*

An over anxiety to make of babies, little matter-of-fact men, and unbreeched philosophers, will add but little to their sum of knowledge in after life, and nothing to that faculty which teaches them to consider and determine for themselves, and begets that independent wisdom, without which their heaped

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up knowledge is but an incumbrance. A child, now, "learns by heart" how a shoe is made, from the flaying of the ox for the leather, to the punching the last hole; and can give the best of reasons for its being so made, when it had much better be chasing a rainbow. Such a system may make inquisitive, but not wide ranging minds. It kills the poetry of our character, without enlarging our philosophy; and will hardly make us worthier members of society, or give us the humble compensation of turning out better mechanics.

Modern developments in gas manufacture, combustion, etc., were forecast in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1818, by* JAMES FREEMAN DANA, *the distinguished chemist:*

The operation of the water-burner, then, appears to be simply this,—tar, minutely divided and intimately mixed with steam, is inflamed; the heat of the flame, aided by the affinity for oxygen of that portion of carbon, which would otherwise pass off in smoke, decomposes the water, and the carbon and oxygen unite; the hydrogen of the water, and probably of the tar, expand on all sides (and hence the flame is very large) to meet the atmospheric oxygen, water is recomposed, and passes off in steam; a degree of heat is produced, no doubt, greater than that which is produced by the combustion of the tar alone, and this heat is equal to that evolved by the combustion of a quantity of carbon, which would otherwise form smoke . . . With regard to the light emitted by this flame, we can only refer to the general fact, that when solid matter is evolved and ignited in a flame, the light is very intense, and on the contrary, where gaseous matter is the product of combustion, the light is feeble. Hydrogen, when inflamed, gives little light, carburetted hydrogen more, and bicarburetted hydrogen produces a flame of still greater brilliancy. The flame of a spirit of wine lamp gives light of low intensity, but when a coil of platina wire is held in it, the illuminating power is greatly augmented.

The reorganization of Europe after the Napoleonic Wars was discussed in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1818, by* NATHAN HALE, *nephew of the Revolutionary hero:*

All the Powers of the first order, except France, have increased in the extent of their dominions, population and resources; but on the other hand, the small States are not so closely allied, and so intimately dependent on particular large States, as they were before the French revolution. Several of the States have acquired more natural and convenient boundaries, and their territories are in a less degree intermixed. The States of the first order, with the exception of Russia, are more nearly equal in power and resources than formerly, and Russia, the only apparently dangerous Power, is remote from the small States

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whom she would be most likely to bind to her yoke, and separated from the rest of Europe by the two States who have the strongest interest, and are the most able to keep a check upon her ambition. On the whole, there does not appear to be any thing in the present distribution of power, which ought to discourage the hope of a long period of security from the miseries of conquest and revolution. There is no one sovereign, who can, with any rational confidence, aspire to universal dominion, or even any material increase of his power. On the contrary, if the several States act from a principle of enlightened self interest, or even of prudent ambition, it is not in the power of any one of the number, to assume more than his part in the political system, or to disturb the general welfare.

The urgent need now felt for the preservation of the Rights of the States was forecast by WILLIAM JONES SPOONER *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1819:*

What has a government to fear, whilst it can enlist on its side the patriotism of the good, the ambition of the great, the interests of the selfish? There is nothing to place in opposition to all this, unless it be the force of local jealousies; but these, as we have before intimated, do not run parallel with our present State divisions; nor appear to have a necessary connexion, with the State authorities.—We do not mean to intimate by what has been said, that the Constitution, when fairly construed, has vested more power in the General Government than was necessary. But believing the safety of the Union not likely to be endangered by the portion of power left in the States, we have no wish to see that power diminished. To these governments was meant to be left the care of the morals, the improvement, and most of the individual rights and possessions of the citizens; for these purposes we are bound to preserve them; but to be preserved they must be respected.

The social habits and health of literary men were discussed in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818, by* WALTER CHANNING, *eminent physician and brother of* WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING:

Besides, the scholar should be much in society for its excitement, for the diversion it gives to his thoughts. He should surrender himself sometimes to the influence of other minds. He must relax his strained powers, be gay and even vacant, if he would remove the feverishness, the depression and restlessness, which so often visit him after long and intense study. But it is also necessary that every class of men should have habits suited to their occupations,—habits of pleasure as well as of work; and besides the difficulty of establishing these, which arises from the variety and irregularity of their pur-

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suits, our scholars are too few to form a separate class, with distinct manners and an appropriate mode of life, and therefore are apt to accommodate themselves in these respects, where imitation is more natural than in almost any other, to the mass among whom their lot is cast. And nothing can be more fatal to that composure of the faculties and tranquillity of the circulations, which are so essential to the health of a student, than the irregular hours, the innocent dissipation, the parties, dinners, and suppers to which he is continually exposed and solicited. Regularity is the first of his wants, and the habit of avoiding all strong excitement should be the first of his cautions; and if he fails in neither of these, health will almost surely follow. . . . It is not desirable, indeed, that our scholars should have all the influence in polished society which the philosophers of France enjoyed, who governed in the drawing-room as well as in the Academy. And yet, when we know that, for the last century, the average of the life of a man of letters in France has been stated at something over sixty years, and that the ages of twelve of her laborious philosophers, taken at random, amount to a thousand years, one cannot help ascribing this in part to their independent mode of life, and wishing that our own scholars would feel it a right and a duty to prescribe their indulgences as well as their labours.

WILLARD PHILLIPS, *the eminent jurist, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1818, reviewed unfavorably the writings of* WILLIAM GODWIN:

Godwin is a writer of a severe and sombre cast, who seems to take a gloomy satisfaction in dwelling upon whatever is deplorable in the constitution of society, or execrable and loathsome in human nature. In many parts of each of his works, and more especially in *Caleb Williams* and *Political Justice*, he writes with the spirit of a conspirator against the moral government of the world; and seems to look upon all the order, and beauty, and harmony of the social system, as Satan contemplated the delights of Eden, when he first alighted on the Tree of Life,—as something to be blasted and spoiled. But he has nothing of malignity in this;—he everywhere speaks like one of benevolent dispositions; but his benevolence is ill directed; he does not, like Satan, regard mankind, as those "whom he could pity" for the evils his own labours are intended to bring upon them. He compassionates them for what constitutes the beauty, and dignity, and security of existence. Though he sometimes speaks in tones of condolence, he more frequently utters the language of indignation and reproach. "Of what use," says he, "are talents and sentiments in the corrupt wilderness of human society? It is a rank and rotten soil, from which every finer shrub draws poison as it grows. All that, in a happier and purer air, would expand into virtue and germinate into usefulness, is thus converted into henbane and deadly nightshade."

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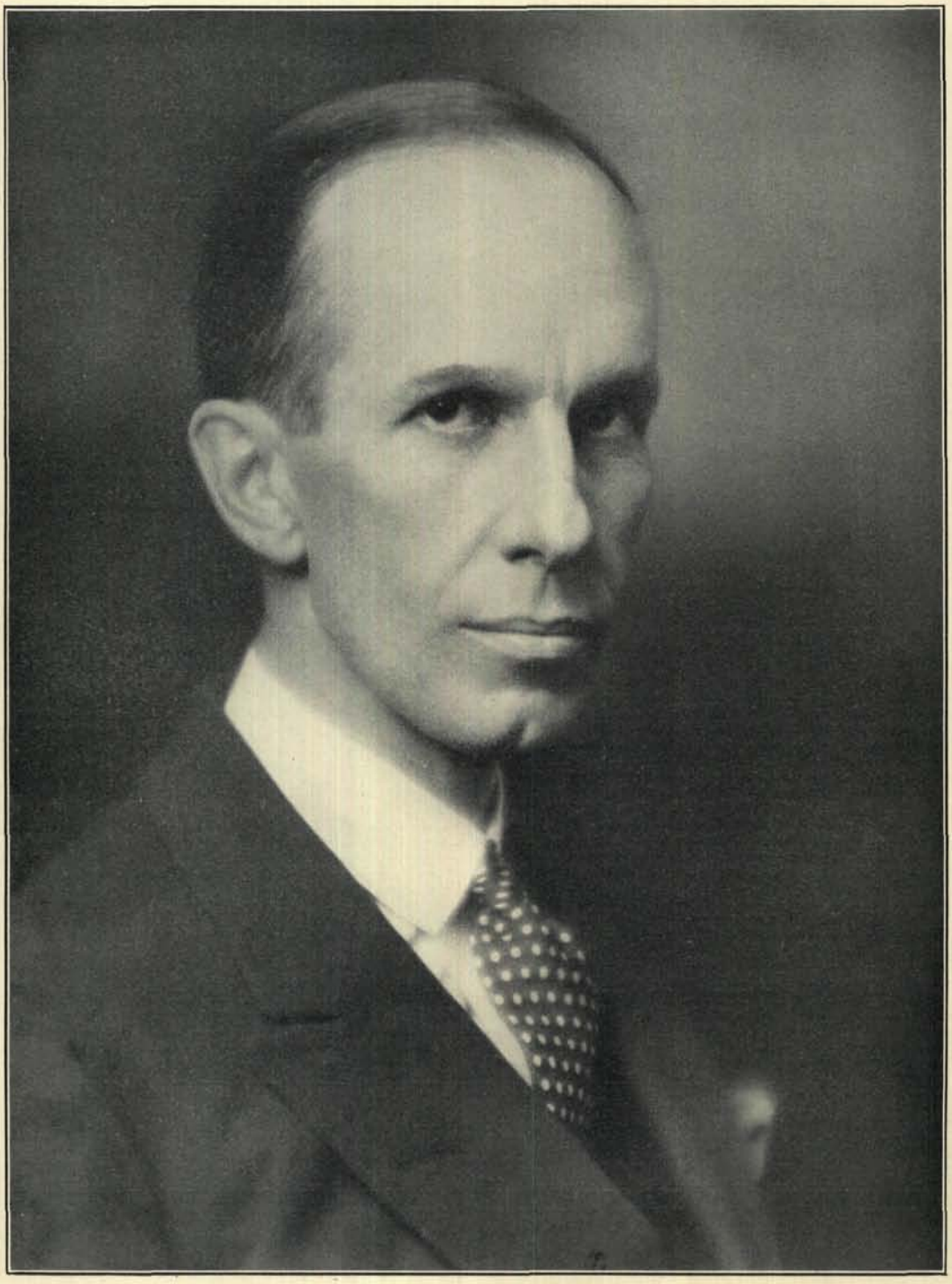

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